

C N CALLING

One ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if possible speak a few reasonable words.

Goethe

Number 1059

JULY 8, 1939

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

**HALF THE
WORLD
CANNOT
READ**

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JOHN BULL WILL SEE IT THROUGH

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Two

The Telephone Rings in Montreal

A LADY doctor in Montreal was in her laboratory some months ago when the telephone rang.

"Can I come to see your laboratory?" asked a boyish voice.

"I'm far too busy," she was about to say, but she changed her mind and said Yes, he could come if he liked, and rang off without giving the matter another thought.

A little while later she heard a knock at the door, and on going to it came face to face with a little boy about 12. Though it was snowing hard outside and the temperature was well below zero the ragamuffin had no shirt under his threadbare coat, and his toes, blue with the cold, were sticking out of his apologies for shoes.

"What do you want?" she asked kindly, thinking he was a beggar.

"Please will you let me see your laboratory?" he said, and then she recognised the voice over the telephone.

As she wonderingly led the way inside he told her that a little while ago he had been to the cinema and seen a wonderful film about Madame Curie. Ever since then his ambition had been to see where a scientist worked. He had first of all found a list of laboratories in the telephone book and asked if he could visit them, but each time he was turned away.

His thin face lit up with eagerness as he examined the shining instruments, and when the doctor pressed him for

more information about himself he told her that he was an orphan, and lived in the slums with his grandmother who was so poor that all they ever had to eat was bread and dripping. But he couldn't complain, he said, for she was very kind to him.

The doctor asked him if he went to school, and he said he used to go, but the other boys made such fun of his patched trousers that he didn't go any more.

The pathetic story touched the woman's heart. She decided that a lad who had shown so much initiative should be given a chance in life, so she rang up a friend who had a 12-year-old son and asked her if she had a spare suit of clothes, and before very long the waif was warmly clad. Then the doctor went to see the boy's schoolmaster and arranged that he should have special attention so that he could catch up with his studies.

Thus a new world opened for the lad. Every Saturday he goes to his benefactor's house, where she gives him a good meal of meat and vegetables and a dose of cod liver oil, for she is determined that he shall grow big and strong. She is gradually teaching him good manners; and the little boy for whom life has a new meaning is more grateful to her than words can say. He is now at work studying for a scholarship, and means to be a doctor.

This story is true.

China's Pilgrim Fathers PROSPERITY IN A NEW LAND

ABOUT 30 years ago Mr Wong Nai Siong, a wealthy Chinese business man of Foochow, in the province of Fukien, read the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and their adventurous voyage across the Atlantic seeking new homes in a new land.

For a long time he had been troubled at the distress of his countrymen and wished to help them. Famine, flood, bandits had reduced thousands of them to starvation. Why, thought Mr Siong, should there not be Chinese Pilgrim Fathers voyaging to a new land and making a new start in life?

He began looking for a country to which he might take a thousand Chinese as settlers, and was introduced to the English Rajah Brooke of the native State of Sarawak in the great island of Borneo. These two men made an agreement that Mr Siong should find the settlers, and the Rajah would give them land and

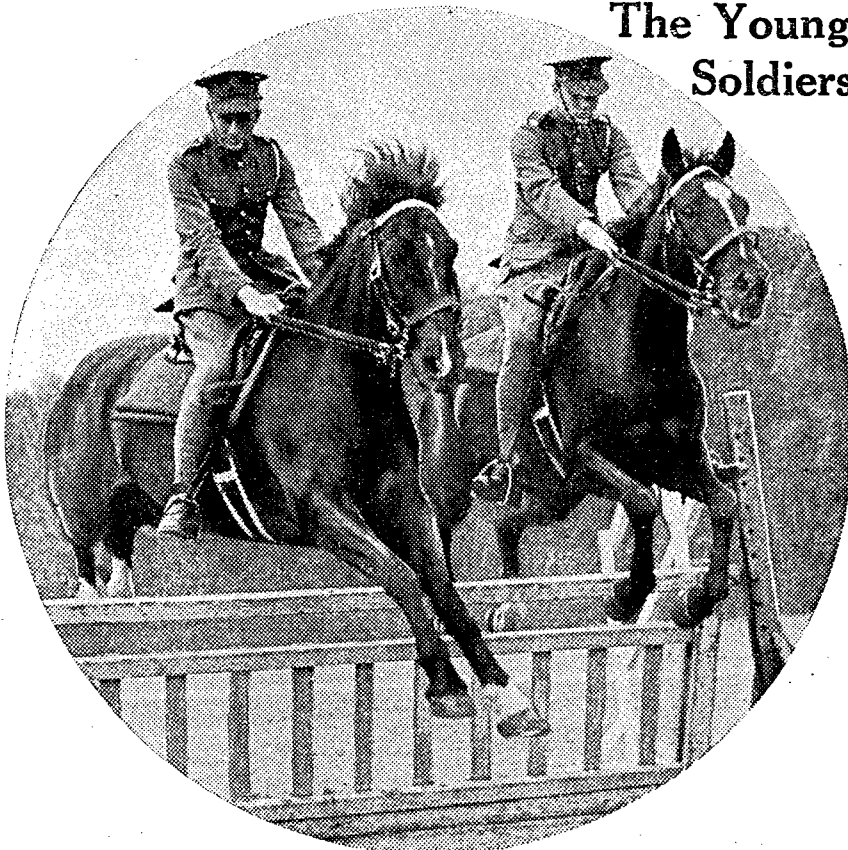
provide money for them to begin cultivating rice fields.

So in a few months a thousand men, women, and children set out from the Chinese coast in a specially chartered ship paid for by Mr Siong, and landed in Sarawak, where they were put to live in rough sheds in the midst of a wide, uncleared jungle. Then began a great struggle to clear the wild undergrowth and plant rice. Many of the Chinese had never handled an axe or a hoe before, so the people of the district, Dyaks, had to be hired to fell the biggest trees. Then when the first crop of rice was planted heavy rains washed it away. The second crop grew well, but before the harvest a plague of rats came and devoured it.

Meanwhile Mr Siong continued to feed the colony at his own expense, and advised that sugar-cane should

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The Young Soldiers



Recruits of the Royal Horse Guards taking a fence at Pirbright

The Old Soldiers



Chelsea Pensioners enjoying a quiet game of bowls

THE HOUSE-PROUD TOWNS OF ENGLAND

Bolton's Civic Centre

Bolton's new civic centre sets an example in Lancashire today which all provincial towns will be following to-morrow.

Some have even anticipated Bolton in putting up splendid new buildings to dignify their city. Southampton is one, Leeds is another, and throughout the country there is a growing spirit of emulation in architectural effort, each town determined not to be left behind by others. Size and wealth are becoming less accounted than dignity and beauty.

Bolton's example is in a class by itself. Other towns have art galleries, museums, and libraries as fine or finer, but none has housed them more finely. They are assembled in a magnificent crescent which recalls some of the beauties of old Bath, but on a larger scale.

It tells the world what Bolton thinks and what Bolton can do. It is like what we remember of the old quadrant of Regent Street before it was supplanted; but Bolton's crescent is bigger and better. By it Bolton has done honour to itself and encouraged other municipalities to follow in the same good path. It is undeniable that nothing becomes a town like pride in itself.

There is an old English virtue of being house proud. By it is meant the resolution to make the house the best, the neatest, the most spotless that the good housewife can contrive. Bolton is house proud, and from her civic centre the spirit will radiate, till all her streets and houses begin to feel that they have to live up to the civic ideal.

Helping the Quack

It is a thousand pities that Sir John Simon, having wisely resolved to keep the tax on patent medicines, should ever have attempted to take it off.

The patent medicine far too often benefits only those who make, advertise, and sell it. Lord Horder told the House of Lords last year that the public takes far too many patent medicines. Poorer people are ready buyers, and would often rather go to the nearest chemist to buy something they imagine will do them good than consult the panel doctor. They prefer to doctor themselves, being unaware that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for his patient. Women are even more foolish than men, if possible, and are willing victims of the advertisements of patent medicines warranted to cure anything.

The only profit is to the manufacturers and traders who deal in these things, which too often can be called quack nostrums. No tax will do much to lessen their sale, but as the tax presents £1,000,000 a year to the revenue it is foolish to deprive the country of it at such a time as this.

The Big Bang

There was a big bang at the Shap Granite Company's quarry at Wasdale Head the other day, when eight tons of explosives removed 100,000 tons of granite in the biggest mine blast Shap has ever known. The explosive used was black powder, which does not shatter the rock. The granite is to be used for the new bridge over the River Ness at Inverness.

The £100 Fund

The total sum now sent to us for the two refugee boys from Vienna has reached £133:3:2.

Jaret	£1	0s	0d
Mr H. J. Spencer	10s 0d
S. E. and M. D. Cartwright	10s 0d
Miss A. M. Spratt	10s 0d
A. Suffolk Sunday School's	4s 0d
farthing box	3s 0d
Owen F. McCann	2s 0d
R. H. D., Manchester

John Bull Will See It Through

SOME insults can be borne. When Dr Goebbels says that "England stands like an idiot before the might of Germany," we are content to let him go on gabbling.

When one of Signor Mussolini's bravos writes with disgust that the stupid and cowardly British are fattened on five meals a day, while the proud, brave Italians can hardly find one, we are flattered.

We take it as a compliment that all the insults of the Axis Powers are aimed at us. Nobody else is so bespattered with their venom.

Poisoned Barbs

But there are other insults so hard to bear that, in the Prime Minister's chosen word, they are intolerable. These are not the poisoned words of the Nazi propagandist and the Fascist pamphleteer, but the poisoned barbs of the Japanese barbarian which are not intended for insult but for injury. They are not meant to sting us but to shame us in the eyes of the world, more especially the Far Eastern world, where the report of them can be spread abroad as a sign that Great Britain can be trampled on with safety and, in a word, can be kicked out of the Far East.

The Japanese have lost prestige in the Far East because of their costly failure to trample China underfoot, and they think they can recover it by throwing mud in our faces. There is a line in Dean Swift which is apt to the situation:

I have no tittle to aspire,

But when you sink, I seem the higher,

and there is something as appropriate in Milton about the insects that pester the strong horse.

Meanwhile, what is to be done? Japan has no ambition to provoke a war with us; her pinprick offensive at Tientsin and the other Treaty ports has merely a nuisance value. She is the gadfly stinging the strong horse because she hopes to make it turn away from standing in her path

of racketeering in China. It is not difficult to see where she got the hint from. There are other Powers who are eager to see this country occupied with nuisances elsewhere than in Europe. Like Japan, they are willing to wound but still afraid to strike, and they spare no pains to stir up others to do their dirty work. They may even pay for bombs.

Japan was not the first scene of the operations of the poisoned barb. Germany and Italy have made great sport of the British difficulties in Palestine, as well they may, because they are well aware of the source of the fuel with which the fires were kept burning. The Arab conspirators who carried fire and murder through the length and breadth of Palestine did not find the money for it in the desert. Another kind of pinprick has come nearer home, the bomb explosions organised by the I.R.A. The most muddle-headed Irish fanatic could not suppose that they could alter British policy in Ireland, which is one of entire friendliness.

Who Pays?

What, then, is the origin of this orgy of explosions in letter-boxes, in cinemas, and down gratings? Somebody is paying for them, and we do not think the money comes from Ireland. There is not enough of it to spare in Southern Ireland, which is growing steadily poorer since it began to rule itself, as any who read the Southern Ireland newspapers can see. But if there is not much money, there is plenty of hate, and plenty of men waiting for the highest bidder. Somebody is paying these men, and they are not paid in the interests of peace.

What cannot be cured has to be endured. We have to reckon with these insults and injuries, but the day will surely come when there will be another kind of reckoning. Patient, persevering, often blundering, never yielding—so a Continental historian once described our race; and he added that the British always triumph in the end.

Prosperity in a New Land

Continued from page 1

be planted. When that was harvested no market could be found for it, and the people grew dejected, and were presently reduced in numbers by fever and exposure to fewer than five hundred.

Then Rajah Brooke visited the colony, and quickly saw that many of the settlers were depending entirely upon the generosity of Mr Siong, and would not work hard while he was prepared to feed them; so he persuaded Mr Siong to go back to China. Each man then became responsible for himself, and a quick change came over the fortunes of the colony. Also, Mr Hoover, a missionary, was asked to go and live among the people as a guide and adviser.

Each family was given its own holding of land at a small rent each year, and by 1934 the colony had increased to 10,000, and there were over 200,000 acres of cultivated land growing good crops of pepper, rice, sago, and rubber. The colonists were already exporting over five

million dollars worth of produce a year. Most of the families had never known what it was to have good and regular meals and money for clothes, and the news of their prosperity has attracted other Chinese, so that the original colonists have increased ten times. They have been a devout Christian colony from the beginning, and their five small churches have grown to 46, and the small school of 30 boys into 38 schools with over 1800 children in them. The two Chinese teachers who went in the first pilgrim ship now number 92.

These pilgrim Chinese have turned an untamed jungle into broad, smiling fields of rice and sago, and have learned how to fell and export the great trees as well as cultivate the rubber tree. There are 300,000 square miles (about six times the size of England) crying out for cultivation in the island of Borneo, and a second Chinese colony is now being established following the example of the pioneers who persevered through early disappointments.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Barnardo's Scout Troop has 53 A R P badges among its members, the biggest held by any troop in the country.

Forty American women have travelled 3000 miles to look at English gardens.

Two Worcester Girl Guides cycling in Europe have completed 16,000 miles.

Following a record crop, five million boxes of oranges (a thousand million fruits) will be coming from South Africa to this country in the next few months.

In Trustee Savings Banks and Savings Certificates alone more than a million pounds a week is being saved.

A modern infantry soldier's equipment consists of 84 articles, costing about £20.

Germans have been forbidden to burn wood as fuel.

France has signed a pact with Turkey similar to the British agreement, and has transferred to Turkey the Syrian port of Alexandretta.

A French flag, measuring 300 square yards, believed to be the biggest in the world, will fly in front of the City Hall of Paris on July 14 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Revolution.

THINGS SEEN

A motorist startled at Camberwell Green by a sudden shout from a shop's loudspeaker.

A halibut weighing 420 pounds in Nottingham Fish Market.

A rat drinking with chickens at Coombe in Cornwall.

Notices saying "Drive Nicely" in the main streets of Johore.

A house called The Beeches with three limes in front.

THINGS SAID

A man may lose his illusions but not his faith.
Mr Henry Ford

My husband and I believe in reforms, not in revolutions; reforms last longer and leave fewer scars.
Lady Astor

Montrealers were too spellbound at the beauty of the Queen (she looked radiant) to cheer very much. A letter from Montreal

The Bishop of London is a living advertisement for temperance; he has proved by his youthful old age that it is entirely unnecessary for health or good fellowship to take alcohol.

Archbishop of Canterbury

England stands as an idiot.

Dr Goebbels

There is more employment today in this country than ever before in our history.
The Prime Minister

The Postmaster-General accepts advertisements no reputable Fleet Street newspaper will accept.

Sir Arnold Wilson, M P

Chaps like me die in workhouses, or if we are lucky in almshouses.

Saying of Friese-Greene, inventor of the films, just reported.

Instead of being C3, the younger generation is becoming an A1 nation.

Mr Chamberlain

THE BROADCASTER

GIRL GUIDES of Sudbury High School have repaired the town hall flag.

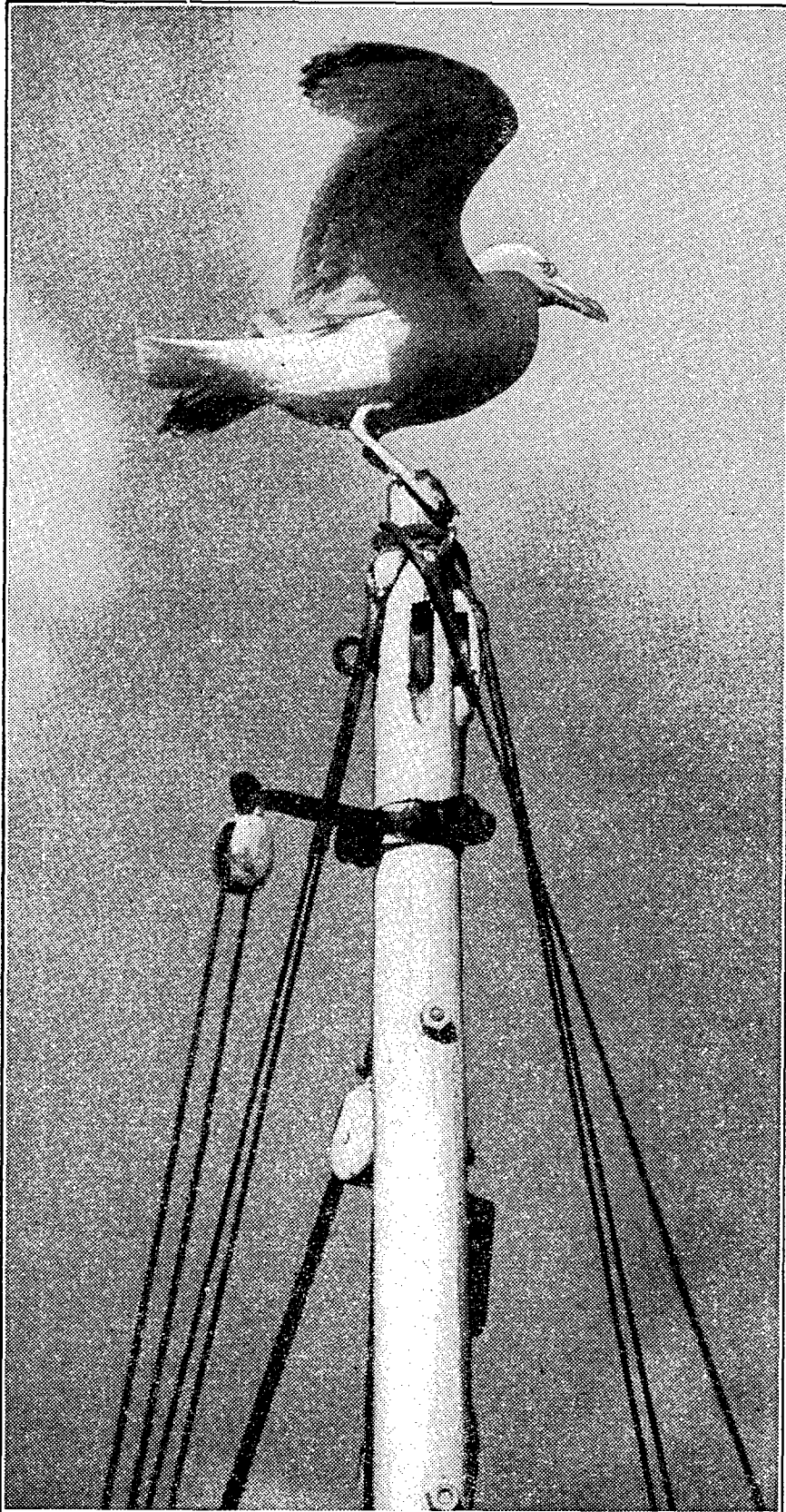
SIR CHARLES HYDE has given £10,000 to King George's Jubilee Fund in memory of the King's Visit to Canada.

DEVON Girl Guides have raised £60 to pay for a blind man's dog.

FRANCE has abolished all public executions.

THE PILGRIM TRUST has given £1000 to the Scout Fund for the Implacable, the only Trafalgar ship afloat.

July 8, 1939



AT THE MASTHEAD

A fine study of a gull on a ship's mast at Torquay



ANGLERS ALL

Boys of Beachborough Park School, near Folkestone, fishing in a stream



ABOVE WESTMINSTER

Scaffolders on the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament



MUSEUM WORKER

An Egyptologist restoring the colours of a mummy case in Manchester Museum

IRON RATIONS

Rubber and Cotton

Lancashire wants the best cotton. The United States has it. U.S.A. wants rubber. Great Britain has 80,000-tons of it to spare, and U.S.A. takes it in exchange for half a year's supply to us of American cotton.

But these two sentences do not reveal the idea behind the exchange and barter of these two indispensable commodities. The amount of rubber we send across the Atlantic is about a fifth of the amount used yearly in the States. The amount of cotton we receive is about half a year's supply to English mills.

Its value is about £6,000,000, but it is not to go to the manufacturers. It is to be put by in the cupboard. Great Britain might want it, or might be unable to get it in the emergency of war. The rubber and the cotton in the respective countries where they find a second home are war reserves.

If there is happily no war, these reserves will be kept in store, and returned after seven years. They are the property of the Government and not of any individual, and every provision has been taken to prevent them from being dumped on the market at any time. They are what soldiers would call our "iron rations," to be used only if and when stern necessity demands.

The Young Umbrella

The children of a class in the Lawrence Royal Military School at Simla having been asked to write a letter based on the Old Umbrella letter in the C.N. a few weeks ago, a C.N. reader of eight, Lorna Palmer, was awarded the honour of the best letter. This is it.

DEAR MR EDITOR, Your Old Umbrella thinks it amusing for umbrellas of 14 and 30 years drawing attention to themselves.

I am only four years, but I am very important and useful. I stand about three feet high, and am very wide when opened. My duty is to keep my master dry on his way to office.

One bright, sunny day my master was going to the office, and when he got halfway the rain came pouring down. He was near the shops, so he went into one and bought me. I am yellow and black and waterproof. My master only uses me during the monsoons, and I have served him well for four years, but I am hoping to be with him for many years. When the monsoon is over I am put away, and my friend the Walking Stick takes my place.

I want you to see me, so I am drawing myself.

From
A MONSOON UMBRELLA



A Children's Home on the Chilterns

Many a London child will be happier and healthier for a kindly thought and deed of Mrs Eugen Schlesinger. In memory of her daughter she has bought nearly three acres at Russell's Water, high up on the Chilterns near Henley, and built there a bungalow for L.C.C. schoolchildren with weak hearts. They will be sent here with a teacher in batches of 20, and will be taken in a bus on educational visits in the neighbourhood during their fortnight's stay in this delightful countryside. This beautiful gift to the L.C.C. is to be known as the Kathleen Schlesinger Home, and we wish it a long life of health and happiness.

To the Peoples Crying For Peace

We take these important passages from the speech of the Prime Minister at Cardiff.

THE future of Europe is being poisoned by the propagation of false and unfounded suspicions.

The German people are being drenched day and night by assertions that Great Britain is planning to encircle her. They are told that encirclement means the denial of their natural and legitimate expansion of trade, and gradually increasing economic pressure upon them, designed to lower their standards of living until, finally, they are crushed and helpless.

What a grotesque travesty of the attitude of this country! The aim of our policy is now, as it always has been since we have been in office, to establish a peaceful world in which each nation can pursue its own occupations in security and confidence. In such a world as that, a world to which confidence had been restored, we could feel that there were great prospects for the expansion of German industries and for the employment of German workers, because every country today is in need of goods and equipment which the German and British industries are particularly well able to supply.

If only we had that confidence which I think of, our two countries might well cooperate in developing resources which still lie latent and in getting what would be solid returns in value for both. That happy future must remain a dream until Germany drops her unjust suspicions and shows that she is sincerely desirous of talking reason with reasonable people. It is perhaps an irony of fate that I,

who have called myself a man of peace, have hardly ever been free from anxiety caused by the aggression of other people in one part of the world or another. But, although there could be few who set a higher value on peace than I do, I have never failed to realise that an unarmed nation in a world as we find it today has little chance of making its voice heard. We have been doing what we can, and I feel we can face the future with a calm confidence in our growing strength. Our Navy is the most powerful in the world. Our Army is growing in numbers and efficiency. As to our Air Force, we have been expanding at a rate far in excess of our own expectations.

These mighty armaments are not there to threaten anyone, but they are available to resist aggression or domination. The agreements which we have made all have the same purpose, building up and strengthening the peace front and protecting the independence of the small States whose faith in their own security has been shaken by watching the fate of others.

And yet, I repeat, our opposition is not to change, for we recognise that there must be adjustments from time to time in a changing world. What we are resolved to resist is an attempt to bring about by force changes which ought to be determined by discussion and by cooperation; and I trust that, in spite of the dangerous possibilities which are only too apparent, the peoples who in all countries are crying aloud for peace may yet find the patience and the will to achieve it.

He Saw the King

A WAR veteran in Alberta has written to us of the day he went to see the King and Queen.

Should he go or not? Sixty miles was a long way to ride in a truck, and it was rather cold, and there was the work to be done in the garden after the good rain. Yet the King and Queen were coming to Wainwright, and he had fought for them in France, and—why not a ride on the back of the truck?

It took over two hours, but the day was fine. And what a crowd! Why did they stare at him so? Perhaps it was the patch over his eye; perhaps they thought he should be in the Veterans Parade. But he had not brought his medals.

The band struck up God Save the King, and here they came. He was glad he had come now. How lovely the Queen was, and what a real good sport was the King. The Queen waved her hand and gave them a lovely smile, and the King (God bless him!) was shedding a tear. It is enough to make him, our friend said out loud, and an old lady standing by said: "Yes, I feel like dropping one myself." It was worth while coming 60 miles, after all, and now (feeling a tear in his own eye) he was ready to go home. Nothing more interested him—only, just before he came away, he met an old comrade he had not seen since 1915 in France, and the handclasp—well, enough said.

A Prosperous Germany & a Safe World

We think it right to give publicity to these two statements by our Foreign Minister.

I THINK I speak for everyone when I say that we regard a prosperous, honoured, and contented Germany, playing a leading part in guiding the European family, as one of the first permanent interests of the British Empire.

No single element representative of British opinion would tolerate for a moment a design against the peace and safety of the Reich or of its legitimate national prospects of growth and expansion.

THE time has come when further acts of unprovoked aggression will be resisted by the united strength of Britain and of the Empire. We believe that in such resistance we shall be moving in alliance or in companionship with at least three-quarters of the population of the globe. We feel that our place in the world, our traditions, our interests, our duty compel us to stand in the forefront of states and nations which are drawing up to encounter, if need be, a renewed act of physical and moral violence.

A MONUMENT ON MARSTON MOOR

Cromwell the Ironside

Just 295 years ago, on July 2, the battle of Marston Moor was fought between King and Commonwealth.

It was the fight where the genius of Oliver Cromwell was first revealed, but the site of the victory for the Parliamentary forces, of which he was the chief engineer, has long gone without a memorial to him. Thanks to the devotion of one of the warmest of his admirers in our time, Mr Isaac Foot, and the Cromwell Association of which he is President, the battlefield now has a tall obelisk, unveiled on the eve of the battle's anniversary.

It is worthy of remark that in Oliver Cromwell's letters or speeches no reference is made to the fight or to his share in it, beyond a sympathetic message he wrote to Valentine Walton to console with him on the death of his son.

At that period in the struggle the Royalist forces were in the ascendant. Prince Rupert's cavalry had earned them more than one victory and, when the opposed forces met at Marston Moor, appeared likely to win another. Cromwell was in command of the left wing of the Parliamentary Army under Fairfax.

Prince Rupert's Tribute

Rupert, assisted by General Goring, had broken the Parliamentary centre under Fairfax, and the royalist cavalry went off in pursuit. As they returned, Cromwell charged them in the flank, and the onset was temporarily checked when Cromwell was slightly wounded, but was at once resumed with entire success.

There were some who belittled Cromwell's success, but Prince Rupert had no doubt about it. Some time after the battle a newspaper mentions Cromwell by the name of Ironside, "for that was the title given him by Prince Rupert after the royalist defeat near York." The name Ironside became popular, and was in later times extended from the Commander to his troopers.

Full Steam Ahead For Durham School

Most boys have longed at some time or other to drive a train, but few have ever had the joy of doing so. One of the few is Head Boy Ferguson of Durham School.

Standing on the footplate of a brand-new locomotive the other day he caused the whistle to blow twice as an acknowledgment of the cheers given by his schoolfellows, pulled the lever which admitted steam into the driving valves, and felt the ecstasy of the moment when a locomotive begins to move slowly out of the station.

Before starting the engine he performed the naming ceremony. It is a happy idea which the L.N.E.R. has introduced of naming some of its new engines after public schools. One has already been christened St Peter's, York, and now there is a Golden Arrow class of locomotive called Durham School.

This Insanity

By the Prime Minister

Our expenditure this year on defence alone is going to be over £600,000,000. I don't suppose you can take in that figure at all; I cannot.

And I want you to remember this—that no revenue comes from the things on which we are spending this money.

There will be no returns from guns, or from aeroplanes, or even from steel shelters. Some day or other, when this insane process of piling up the means of destroying one another comes to an end, and all the nations that have taken part in it will have to find other means of employment, they will have to find the revenue to pay the charges on their debts.

THE REDSKINS

Gone are the days when Redskins are to be thought of as wild and terrible people. Descended from a race which preferred to live in wigwams instead of houses, they are becoming more civilised every year.

Now we hear that the first Red Indian girl to take an art course in a university is preparing to be a teacher among her own people; and that recently two full-blooded Indians graduated as Bachelors of Art at Emmanuel College. One of the two Indian boys who came to the Coronation is now studying for the ministry.

NEW ZEALAND'S JAMBOREE

Plans have been made for the biggest Boy Scout jamboree ever held in New Zealand, and the first international one in the Dominions.

From December 27 to January 11 there will be about 6000 Boy Scouts under canvas at Heretaunga, in the beautiful valley of the River Hutt, about 15 miles from Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand.

About 150 Rover Scouts have been busy preparing the camp site at Heretaunga, and fitting themselves for various tasks which they will need to carry out at the jamboree.

This big jamboree is being held as the Boy Scout part in the New Zealand Centennial Celebrations. Early in 1940 New Zealand will have been a British colony for one hundred years.

A REFUGEE CAMP

Miss Helen Andrews, who carried out most valuable relief work in Vienna after the war, is once more engaged in similar work for the refugees from Germany.

She tells about what is happening at Brecon in South Wales. This centre started first in September last year, the house and garden being lent by the De Winton family of the First Order of St Francis. The garden was a tangle of weeds, brambles, and ivy, and now it is a perfect joy. The refugees have made a marvellous success; there are potatoes, beans, peas, and greens of all sorts. There are young tomato plants, and promise of the most wonderful fruit crops—gooseberries, apples, currants, strawberries, logan, and raspberries.

The hens and ducks are doing their bit, and, of course, the bees. Herr Hecht, the expert, has made his own hives, and his bees have gathered 40 pounds of honey in one hive only.

THE DISAPPEARING CORNCRAKE

It seems that the corncrake, already a comparatively rare bird, is fast disappearing.

During last summer the British Trust for Ornithology conducted an inquiry into the numbers and distribution of the species, and the report which has now been sent to the 1500 observers who helped to supply information goes to show that the extraordinary decrease continues.

In many parts of the British Isles the corncrake has already vanished; and in other parts it is possible that last year's observations led to a low estimate on account of the exceptional weather conditions.

100 YEARS OF HEROES

One of the new things visitors and MPs see in the Aye lobby of the House of Commons is a case containing a remarkable collection of life-saving medals which have come from all parts of the Empire. They have been collected and given by Sir Arnold Wilson, MP, who has just written a book on gallantry which records every gallant deed performed by a civilian in this country and recognised by the award of the Albert or Edward medals.

The book covers the last 100 years, and among the medals is a rare one which is known as the Manchester Corporation Medal, very scarce and difficult to obtain.

The Skeleton in the Castle

It is about a hundred years since the city of Durham was excited by a very curious discovery.

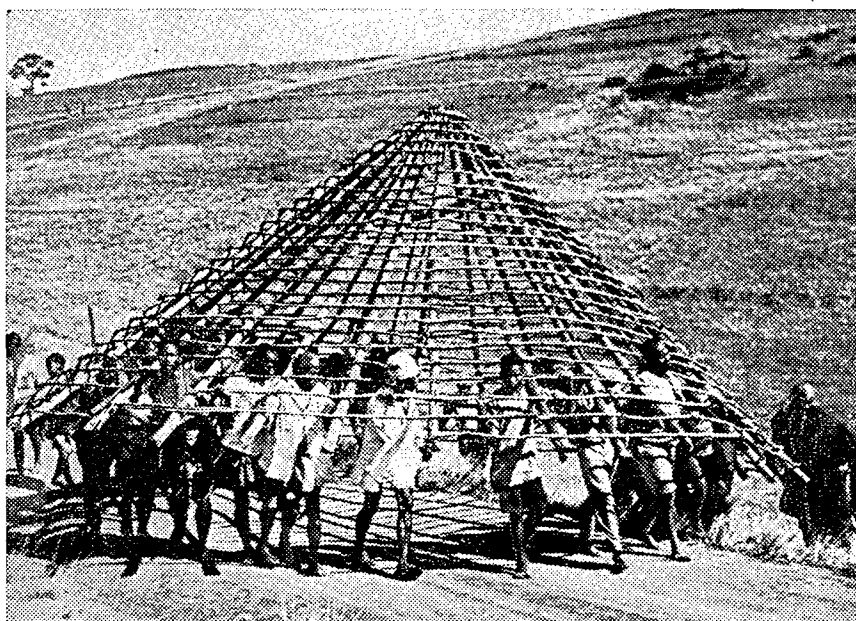
Workmen removing lumber from the dungeons of the castle were surprised to come upon the bones of a whale. Perched on a rock miles from the sea, a whale was almost the last thing they had dreamed of finding. But there was no doubt about it. Over a dozen vertebrae were found first, then a score of ribs, and later the lower jawbone of what must have been a gigantic whale.

Everyone in Durham talked about this mystery. Brought to light in the summer of 1839, the skeleton of the whale was removed to the crypt of Durham Cathedral, and there it is to be

seen to this day, a rather queer possession to be found in a cathedral.

For long the mystery of the bones remained unsolved, but eventually Dr James Raine traced their history back to its source. It seems that the Bishop of Durham exercised almost sovereign rights over a wide area of the north of England, and in accordance with this prerogative he claimed the body of a whale which was washed ashore at Easington in 1661. The skeleton was given a home in the castle, but as the years had gone by it had been neglected and forgotten. All interest in it died, all knowledge of it was lost, and only 100 years ago did the Durham whale come into its own again.

Moving Day in Natal



Natives of Natal carrying the roof of their hut to a new site

THE ROAD VACUUM

Germany is not only famous for its wonderful new roads, but for the way in which it is keeping them clean.

The mammoth vacuum cleaner has come to stay, it seems, for it does its work well. Travelling along motor roads, this remarkable invention sweeps the highway bare. No dust escapes it. Its motor causes a vacuum of such power that nine tons of dust and rubbish can be gathered up in a little time. The sweeper is towed by a tractor, and when the vacuum cleaner is full the engines can be reversed so that the dust is blown out and spread over a dump.

FOLKESTONE'S CATS

The story of two unusual cats comes from Folkestone, both strays, one black, one tabby.

The black one, Peter, lives at the Leas Cliff Hall, where he causes a good deal of amusement by his antics during the entertainments given there. His favourite trick is trying to catch spots of light reflected from a mirror.

The tabby is named Bill, and lives at the Central Station. In bad weather he sleeps at a hotel, but every morning he crosses the road and is taken up the slope to the station on a porter's trolley. There have been other cats at this station, but most of them have been killed on the line. Bill, however, never ventures on the line.

SIDE DOOR ONLY

Some weeks ago a blackbird built her nest only three feet from the keyhole of the front door of a house in Southampton. In this curious position she laid her eggs and raised her family, the owner of the house allowing no one to disturb her, and putting up a notice, Kindly make all calls at side door.

GOOD NEWS FROM TURKEY

It is good news to hear from Turkey that girls in schools and universities have been told that they must not try to imitate film stars. The heads of schools have been asked to see that their pupils do not wave or dye their hair; use lipstick, powder, or face cream; or wear jewellery or silk stockings.

A GREAT NEED IS BEING MET

What is known as the Cecil Residential Club for working girls is planned to give really good accommodation and meals at the lowest necessary cost.

A new Cecil Club in London is designed for 72 girls, who will have a cubicle each. There is to be a big lounge and a sun terrace. Games in the basement and dances once a month, to which girls may invite boy friends, prevent the place feeling like a convent.

There are far too many girls in London earning dangerously small wages who yet cannot live at home, and in the Cecil Club they can live at 14s 6d a week. The building is already well on its way, and there is every prospect of an early opening.

THE GULL AND THE RULE OF THREE

A bird lover in Scotland was intrigued the other day to see a gull pick up a mussel from a rocky shore, fly high into the air with it, and let it fall on to the rocks.

Then down flew the bird after it to see if the shell had broken and, finding that it had not, the bird picked the mussel up again and once more let it fall. Three times this procedure was repeated before the shell broke.

Apparently the gulls know what every boy and girl knows—that we should always try three times.

TWO WALLABIES

Two years ago two frightened little wallabies from New South Wales arrived at Dupplin Castle in Perthshire, where Lady Forteviot introduced them to a fellow countryman, an Australian magpie, and soon made them feel at home in an open grass pen with a little house attached to it which is artificially heated.

The experiment of bringing this pair of wallabies across the world has proved a great success, for they are now raising a family, to the interest of Zoo authorities in England and Scotland, who have been watching the experiment closely.

THE YOUTH HOSTELS

It seems strange that the postal address of one of the highest Youth Hostels in England is Windgather, Kettleshulme, Cheshire.

Over 1195 feet above sea-level and one of the newest hostels, it has been converted from an old powder mill. Above it tower the famous "Windgather rocks," so called because it seems to be the gathering place of all the winds.

At Grindleford the other week, Mrs Gregory Rose-Innes opened the new Youth Hostel at Leam Hall. Its walls are hung with valuable oil paintings left by the owner, Mrs Rose-Innes, whose family lived at the hall for three centuries. The new hostel is set in lovely country, and behind it lie the Eyam Moors, where the curious may discover an ancient British stone circle.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

We have come upon this story of a Chinese student at the University of Michigan who had memorised phrases from an etiquette book. He had his first opportunity to try them out at a reception given by President Ruthven, and when a cup of tea was handed to him he solemnly responded, "Thank you, sir or madam, as the case may be."

THE SPEED AGE

The Stone Age gave place to the Bronze and Iron Ages, and these in turn have been superseded by the Age of Speed. On land and sea and in the air we are travelling faster than ever, and forgetting the miles.

They were forgotten completely the other day by a Croatian merchant who stepped out of a plane and stood looking about him with a puzzled expression. He was in Rome, but he imagined he was arriving at Zagreb. It had been his misfortune to board the wrong plane and to fall asleep, and he had crossed the Adriatic without knowing it.

It is only a few years since boys and girls (and men and women too) ran out of doors to see an aeroplane, but now few of us trouble to look up at the wonder in the sky. Indeed, we heard recently of a Yorkshire woman who remarked casually, "My husband has gone to London this afternoon, but he'll be home for tea."

MR BRUIN COMES TO TOWN

The people of Pittston in Pennsylvania expect to meet a bear or two when they go into the country, but it is quite an event when a bear comes to town, as one did the other day.

Mr Bruin evidently thought he would do a little exploring, for he ambled along the streets, stopping every now and then to peer into the windows of houses or sniff at back doors! Shop windows especially fascinated him. Just as the police were wondering what to do with him Mr Bruin decided to go home, leaving a very agitated township behind him.

THE FLYING HOSPITALS

Russia's flying hospitals have proved a tremendous success, for they have given urgent medical attention to thousands of patients in remote parts of the country.

Sometimes, when there is no landing place, the surgeons have to use parachutes to reach the sufferers. In emergency cases antiseptics, surgical instruments, and even blood for transfusion are dropped by parachute.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 8

1939

Our Neglected Heritage

WE are reminded, in connection with our article on the neglect of our colonies, that the other week, when Parliament was considering this question, there was little evidence of any interest in it.

We do not refer, of course, to the British Dominions, which are self-governing, but to the Colonial Empire for which the Imperial Parliament is responsible. It consists of over forty territories scattered about the world, with an aggregate population of about 60,000,000 people.

The matter was debated in the House of Commons in a very poorly attended sitting. A number of members severely criticised the situation, pointing to what is at the worst sheer neglect and at the best uncoordinated and haphazard development. It was shown that very few white men are entering the Colonies and that their progress is small and erratic.

What is needed is conscious, organised development, backed by high purpose and ample capital. One M P pointed out that Italy is colonising a desert in North Africa while Britain is content to see fertile land lack population.

The Colonial Empire gets an occasional loan or grant in aid, and, for the rest, the help of a Colonial Development Fund whose expenditure is limited to £1,000,000 a year. The Colonies have great natural wealth but are in economic danger through soil erosion and deforestation. It is a great and grave responsibility which rests upon those who at once own and neglect a mighty heritage.

Points of View

It is surely an excellent thing that so many nations are now broadcasting news in foreign languages. Britain, Germany, Italy, Russia, and others send out news not only in their own language but in each other's languages.

The importance of this growing practice lies in the fact that the nations are thus helped to understand each other's point of view.

Let us hope that both here and abroad the broadcasting of news and opinions will go on. We must all try to be well-informed, and even a murderer is granted a trial and his lawyer allowed to plead for him. Yet in international affairs some people refuse to hear what is said by the nation whose young men our young men are expected to kill. *We might just as well listen to them before giving the order to kill them.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Celebration

THERE is food for thought in the announcement that twenty London school children are to visit Paris to attend the 150th anniversary celebration of the French Revolution.

Britain officially disapproved of the French Revolution and made war on it by sea and land. The war did not end until 1815, when Napoleon was defeated and exiled.

Thus time has its revenges. A hundred and fifty years after the fall of the Bastille our children go to Paris to celebrate what our country made war to destroy.

All That is Lacking

LORD RIVERDALE, speaking to the British Standards Association, said a true thing—that, given confidence, the world would advance as never before.

All that is lacking is confidence. Invention is here, scientific research is here, in this country we have the finest productive plants, and all are ready to do business if we can get confidence.

There is a short road to confidence, as we have often pointed out. The road will appear as soon as leading men everywhere speak with goodwill of each other, seek what is good in each other, praise what is admirable in each other, and come to believe that all nations have human rights and feelings.

The Postmaster-General and His Little Book

It is encouraging to see that Parliament has been discussing one more matter to which the C N has often called attention, the Postmaster-General's Stamp Book and its advertisements.

It has been left for Sir Arnold Wilson, M P, to say that the Postmaster-General accepts advertisements which no reputable paper in Fleet Street would publish. Our own objection to the Stamp Book is that with so much need of publicity on its own account it is absurd that the Stamp Book should be filled with other people's advertisements.

Stop It Now

FOR what we have received human nature must make us truly thankful.

We are thankful, therefore, that the Air Minister is to stop sky advertising in some future day. *But why not now?*

The C N agrees with Mr Gilbert Coleridge, who has protested against allowing this intolerable nuisance to be inflicted on the public till 1941. The machines get older and noisier, and their unsolicited visits more frequent, as Mr Coleridge says, and if it is right to stop the nuisance it should be stopped before 1941, or even before 1940. It is clear to any reasonable person that such vulgarity should never have started.

One Grand Old Man to Another

NEARLY three centuries ago a great painter passed away from Holland, still painting in his old age, though he had fallen into poverty.

He was Rembrandt, who bequeathed to the world a wealth of beauty, paintings unsurpassed and now acclaimed as masterpieces in every country in the world. Such was his untiring industry that he left about 3000 drawings, etchings, and paintings.

A Rembrandt etching, in its simplicity and strength, its pathos, and its mastery is a treasure that every one who loves art would prize, and none would prize it more than one of Rembrandt's countrymen. So when a gift was sought to grace the 70th birthday of Holland's Prime Minister, and Grand Old Man, Dr Colijn, they chose an etching by Rembrandt.

The Texas Bell

WILL the B B C please copy? The latest move in the Texas Safety Campaign is the tolling of a bell over all the State's wireless stations each time a fatal road accident is reported.

JUST AN IDEA

He was wise who said, I have sought repose everywhere, and have found it only in a little corner with a little book.

Glasgow's Good Fairy

By the Pilgrim

WE heard the other day that Glasgow has at least one fairy even in these very practical days.

It seems that often boys and girls, and sometimes men and women, in the poorest parts of the city are astonished to find bunches of flowers on their doorsteps, though no one ever sees the hand which puts them there.

The good fairy who leaves such a fragrance behind her is a woman who lives a few miles out of Glasgow. She has a beautiful garden, and every now and then when she goes into the city to do her shopping she gathers a few bunches of flowers, ties them up neatly, and puts them in her basket. Then she hurries into a poor part of the city, walks up one of the narrow passages from the street, and secretly leaves the flowers behind.

The Greek Poet and the Grasshopper

HAPPY insect! all agree
None can be more blessed than thee;

Thou, for joy and pleasure born,
Sipp'st the honeyed dew of morn.
Happier than the sceptred king,
Midst the boughs we hear thee sing.
All the season's varied store
All thy little eyes explore,
Fruits that tempt and flowers that shine,

Happy insect, all are thine.
Thee the great Apollo blest
With a voice above the rest.
Thou from wasting age are free,
Time has nought to do with thee.
Skilful creature, child of song,
Though to earth thou dost belong,
Happy thing! thou seem'st to me
Almost a little god to be!

Written by Anacreon in the 6th century B C

Words of Friendship or a Stupid War?

ONCE more a French Minister has been reminding us that the threat of war has transformed France into a vast workshop for national defence, and it is true also of Britain, Germany, Italy, Russia, Poland, and to some extent of the small nations.

All the great countries have become gigantic organisations of waste products, of fruitless flowers, of preparations to kill, of men and women constructing what is not required at the expense of things sorely needed.

A few, a very few, a diminishing few, speak of conference and negotiation; many, or most, speak of fear, of suspicion, of antagonism.

Yet we know well that if war breaks out it will settle nothing and that sooner or later men must negotiate, must speak the words that are now withheld.

And what will History say? It will say of the next war, as of the last, that it was a cruel, stupid, blind thing, settling nothing.

Failure?

Failure? while tide floods rise and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove
Resistless, started from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?

Charles Kingsley

Under the Editor's Table

AN oculist says he seldom sees a child with perfect vision. He ought to wear glasses.

THE artist who painted a picture of his own clothes and called it a self-portrait must be a retiring person.

VERY cheap beach frocks can be bought. Suitable for people on the rocks.

A PERSON who writes his name clearly is usually healthy. It's a good sign.

A MOTOR cyclist says he goes into the country to pick flowers. Not to gather speed.

A LEMON weighing 2½ lbs is being exhibited in California. It will cause a squash.

CHEMISTS declare they can make the land more fertile. To meet a growing need.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If night-watchmen
have day dreams

THE LION THAT LEFT ITS MARK

David Livingstone Arrives at Westminster Abbey

St Bart's is holding a Bartholomew Fair, and one of the things we may see there is a plaster model of an elbow! It has a curious story.

When David Livingstone died in his little hut in the African wilds certain Negroes he had converted took their lives in their hands so that his body should be brought to England. C N readers know the story of that magnificent journey, nine months long, from the interior to the coast, a journey in which peril from wild beasts, from men almost as wild, from thirst and starvation, through opposition of every kind, led to ultimate triumph, with the precious mummy of the body safely delivered to pious hands in England.

At once a movement was set on foot to lay the great missionary traveller to rest in Westminster Abbey. But who could identify the mummy after its tremendous travels, disguised, for the sake of safety, as a bale of merchandise? What if there had been a mistake? What if, a more serious matter, there had been a trick?

The Dislocated Elbow

There happened to be at the time in London two old friends of Livingstone, Sir William Fergusson, Queen Victoria's doctor and President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and another doctor. They had the bale borne to the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society for a preliminary examination, and there they turned to the dead man's right arm.

They found that the elbow had been dislocated, that the injury had never properly healed, but that a false joint had formed. No other clue was necessary to establish the identity of the dead traveller.

For the last thirty years of his life Livingstone had a maimed right arm, the result of a terrible injury he received from a lion which, catching him unawares, seized him by the shoulder and shook him like a rat, causing a dislocation that never healed.

Livingstone was welcomed to the Abbey because of his immortal work for Africa; the sole clue to the identity of his remains was the unhealed wound on his right arm. It is a cast of the elbow showing that injury that is shown at St Bart's Fair.

A New Artificial Silk

Among the many exhibits at the World's Fair in America not the least interesting is a new artificial silk called Nylon. A girl employed by the firm which makes it attended the Fair for six weeks wearing the same pair of stockings to prove that they do not "ladder."

The material is soon to be placed on the market. Nylon is dearer than ordinary artificial silk, but it is claimed for it that it is superior to the natural article in point of wearing quality, while it is as good in appearance.

To C N Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

What is Wrong With Ould Ireland?

AN IRISHMAN TO THE C N

An Irish reader of the C N writes to us concerning our article on What is Wrong with Ould Ireland? and we are constrained to let him speak to C N readers everywhere, Irish, English, British.

THE Irish situation has always been complex and few of the rulers from England ever understood it.

It would puzzle ourselves, but for the fact that we live in the midst of this maze of contending ideas and interests. Born in Ireland of Irish parents, I have lived in the East, in the West, and in the North for 27 years. Nor is the South unknown to me. An Irishman with an Irish outlook and sympathies, I have tried to understand the feelings of my fellow-countrymen. I desire the best religiously, politically, and socially for my friends, and on that basis alone claim to be a true patriot. The ideal for Ireland would be to have no domination from outside, only as far as she wished, but there are many causes which make that impossible. The great Nationalist John Redmond recognised the commercial unity of the two Islands, and felt that a blow to one was a blow to the other.

We have found it hard to face this fact, which grates on our national pride. Ireland has no other customer for her agricultural produce. Owing to the absence of coal and iron, and possibly also to racial ineptitude, she can never become a large-scale manufacturing country, though this does not apply to Ulster, which leads the world in many branches of manufacture.

North and South

We must always keep before our minds a fact which is easily forgotten, by ourselves as well as outsiders, and that is that there are two foreign forces at work in Ireland. She has always been governed by two foreign potentates, the King and the Pope. Hence the partition between North and South. The Southern people are anti-British and Roman Catholic, and the Northern people are pro-British and Protestant. It has been impossible to separate religion and politics in our mentality. "England treated Ireland abominably in the past," says the C N article. True, but not the whole truth. Pope Adrian sanctioned the invasion of Ireland by Strongbow in the reign of Henry the Second, and on that account Irish visitors in Rome are often seen to shake their fists in front of that Pope's tomb!

Sixteen years before the invasion Pope Adrian sent a bull to Henry saying that he had laudably conceived his design of conquering Ireland and that, as Henry had expressed his willingness to procure him Peter's Pence from each house in Ireland, he cordially approved his project. Why, in fairness, is England said to be the only oppressor of Ireland, when the Vatican City took her toll for the same number of centuries?

The whole truth is that an Irishman, an Englishman, and an Ecclesiastic had from the first a hand in making Ireland the most distressful country that ever you did see. Why blame

one more than the other? We Irish are our own worst enemies. We should not try to keep our historic wounds open, even supposing we were free from all share of blame in spattering the pages of our history with blood. Wales and Scotland suffered at least as much as Ireland in the past, and they do not adopt this silly attitude of a sulky child.

We Irish would be insulted if you said we were not devout Christians, yet the great law of Christ's prayer is ignored, Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. Since Gladstone's Home Rule Bill in 1893 we have got many great privileges—a National University in 1908 and a Treaty in 1922.

The Terms of the Treaty

One of the terms of that Treaty is that Ireland was to have the same status within the Empire as Canada. Unsatisfied, we have framed our own Constitution, which virtually abolishes the King's jurisdiction. The Treaty was in a line with the policy that was carried out after the Boer War in South Africa. The Boers are content, but we are not. Having made a mess of things in the Free State, we desire to force the Ulstermen to join us in our folly. They desire to remain within the Empire, and on our own principle of freedom they have a right to determine that for themselves.

Englishmen have repented of all the wrongs, real and imaginary, done to Ireland, and in my generation you English have abundantly made restitution. But we, from selfish reasons (not from patriotism) desire more, and this is mean and unjust. Today England protects our shores, houses our surplus population, and desires trade and friendship. Let us remember the words of George the Fifth in opening the Ulster Parliament:

The eyes of the whole Empire are on Ireland today. I speak with a full heart, and I pray that my coming to Ireland may prove to be the first step towards an end of strife among her people, whatsoever their race or creed. In that hope I appeal to all Irishmen to pause to stretch out the hand of forbearance and conciliation, to forgive and to forget and to join in making for the land which they love a new era of peace and goodwill.

A Church For the Rambler

The Vicar of Stoney Middleton, whose church the makers of the Derbyshire volume of the King's England series visited, is doing a good thing on Sundays. He invites rambles in Derbyshire to attend church for an hour's service without wondering whether their big boots and shorts will offend in any way.

On his church door a notice says: "Visitors are always welcome at any of the services, or to use or take shelter in the church. Hikers need not trouble about their unconventional dress, and there is no objection to ladies entering the church or attending services without hats."

ROMANTIC STORY FROM CAPE ZOO

The White-Crested Eagle of Groote Schuur

Emma, the white-crested eagle of Groote Schuur, the Cape Zoo, has disappeared into the blue.

Strange as it may seem, her keeper and the trustees of the Zoo watched her go, with regret but without disapproval. They had even connived at her flight from captivity to freedom. It was all a wonderful romance.

Emma's story, which we have read in the Cape Times, sent to us by an old friend at the Manse, Stellenbosch, is one of love requited. Emma had long been a favourite at the Zoo; her proud white-crested head was the admiration of all beholders. But till lately she dwelt in maiden meditation, fancy free, unmindful of her clipped wings, content with her uneventful days.

Lochinvar Arrives

A few weeks ago an event suddenly came into her life. A speck came out of some eyrie of Table Mountain. It grew bigger and bigger as it drew nearer and nearer and stooped lower and lower. It was another white-crested eagle, a young Lochinvar come out of the West.

He hovered over Emma, and Emma cocked a shy, proud glance at him. The next day he came again and strutted about the paddock in front of her. He probably was quite unable to understand why she did not fly away with him; and she for her part could not acquaint him with the handicap of the clipped wings.

Her keeper noted these visits, and had some plan of capturing young Lochinvar as a mate for Emma, but the trustees had a better plan still. "Let Emma's wings grow," they said to her keeper, Mr Baker. He did.

In a week or two Emma began to hop—and to crash, for this flying business was new to her. But the hops got longer, till at last she reached a tree top. The beginning had been made.

Two Specks in the Sky

Lochinvar watched these experiments with bewilderment, at a loss to understand what Emma could be waiting for, or why she could not fly higher in the sky, when to him it was so easy. One day she flew quite a long way up and Mr Baker thought Emma had gone for good. But no; she was not quite sure, and she came back. So she continued to do for a week.

Then the Day came. Her flight was quite different. She croaked as she flew, and young Lochinvar heeded the call. He circled about her in the air.

Higher and higher they both flew, shaping their course to Table Mountain. Now they were only two specks in the sky. Now they had gone. Lochinvar had found his Emma, and Emma had found a new life.

The Three Councillors of Crewe

We have just heard that not long ago three well-known members of Crewe Town Council arrived together for a committee meeting. They congratulated each other on being the first and earliest to arrive, and then discovered that they were indeed early, in fact a week too soon.

The Great Host of Birds on the Steppes

In July the Steppes are covered by millions of birds that have flown there from Java, Sumatra, Australia, New Zealand, and other distant places.

NATURE has a time and place for everything. It is always summer somewhere, and winter broods elsewhere when sun and splendour bedeck the other half of the world. She cannot bring continents untimely to summer, but she can send her winged children to where summer is. And that is why the Russian Steppes, which stand to most human minds as the kingdom of desolation, abound with joyous life when their summer reigns.

The birds that crowd those mighty spaces were summoned there by the mysterious call of spring, which adorns the stern features of the repellent Steppes with a soft and smiling loveliness. Three of the seasons are short on the Steppes; winter alone is long.

But, no matter what the latitude or longitude, natural processes follow natural laws. Seed-time must precede growth, growth cannot but be followed by harvest, so the Steppes have their spring, summer, and autumn before relentless winter returns.

Instinct the Director

It is when spring brightly clothes the land that these mighty little travellers mount the air and soar to a realm of melancholy which the sun and soft winds have charmed into a paradise. But the world is wide; why should birds from lands so fair and far choose the dreaded Steppes? Is there no alternative?

That would be the problem presented to a human mind. But such reasonings are not for birds. Instinct is their director. The ancestors of these birds have been visiting Russia and Siberia for thousands of generations. The fact that they are so numerous is proof that the living is good, the dangers small, the accommodation unlimited, the rewards for hardihood of flight far exceeding the risks incurred.

The fact is all these mingled myriads assembling from far-sundered lands are actually children of the Steppes, not natives of the warm, sweet lands from which they fly. When winter howls through the Russian and Asian wilds they return to the places where the sun is warm and the land a kindly seed-bed; but they are only seasonal visitors to these places. They were born and nurtured on the Steppes.

A Banquet in the Wilderness

Song birds, fighting birds, water birds, beauty birds, birds that run in the grass, birds that pierce the clouds, all that are assembled about these thousands of miles of sun-baked, wind-lashed lands are creatures of the region; they go elsewhere when autumn threatens. These vast little-peopled lands of eastern Europe and western Asia are the source of abounding life, though we thoughtlessly regard them as silent wildernesses.

There is no realm of birds richer in variety of species than the spring and summer Steppes. They never know the winter Steppes, with their gloom and horror; the ground is gay with grasses, bulbous plants, sedges, moss,

lichen, low shrubs, when the birds arrive. Nature is seething with a fever of activity as the fliers from afar come trooping in. Little doorways are being unbarred, and out pop millions of creatures which have slept the dreary winter away—snakes, lizards, and little mammals from their burrows, toads, frogs, and newts from awakening ponds, insects from their hiding or from their burst chrysalis sheaths. A banquet is spread in the wilderness so that all who will may dine without stint.

One Vast Aviary

In they come, the swarming birds, a place for each kind, each kind to its appointed place. The great waste gradually becomes one vast aviary, thousands of square miles in extent. Every lake has its laughing, screaming gulls, mingling with thousands of ducks of many species; noble swans swoop like snowy argosies from out of the sea of air; pelicans of majestic flight descend to lend grotesque variety to the living panorama.

The sedges and reed around the waters are noisy with delightful warblers; the marshes have their true children; every shallow has its wading, striding avocets and those of kindred habit. Among the sheldrakes, the proud wild geese, and the teal swims the busy mallard, parent form of all the domestic ducks in the world. Myriads of wagtails of many species, tits, thrushes, larks of kinds unknown to Britain, wrens, ortolans, plovers, herons, kingfishers, shrikes, snipes, spoonbills, quails, cormorants, even the perky sparrows, have flown far and fast, coming with eager haste.

No one has ever yet succeeded in making a census of all the birds of the Steppes; the area is too vast, the congregation of living things too great. But we know enough to realise that the luxuriance of the life is not eclipsed by any similar region on the earth. The huge area is a living reservoir whence other lands are stocked for the later seasons of the year. The Steppes are no holiday haunt. It is here these birds were born; it is here they repair in order to bring into the world new generations of their kind.

When Autumn Comes

The Steppes have their nightingale, their unique kinds of larks; they have also the sand grouse, birds of widely distributed range but generally related habits, extending as winter visitors to India and found at other times over great areas of Africa and eastern Europe. As its name implies, this grouse loves a dry, sandy territory for its home. It makes its nest and rears its young in a mere depression in the parched and dusty earth.

But summer is short and fierce on the Steppes. Vegetation quickly browns, bakes, and withers; grass does not last there, as it does with us, from year to year. When autumn begins to frown, the skies to lower, and winds to nip and shrill, the birds that know the way and the birds that have never chanced the route before rise on soaring wings, fly to peopled lands where they are loved, and leave the Steppes to solitude and the long winter gloom.

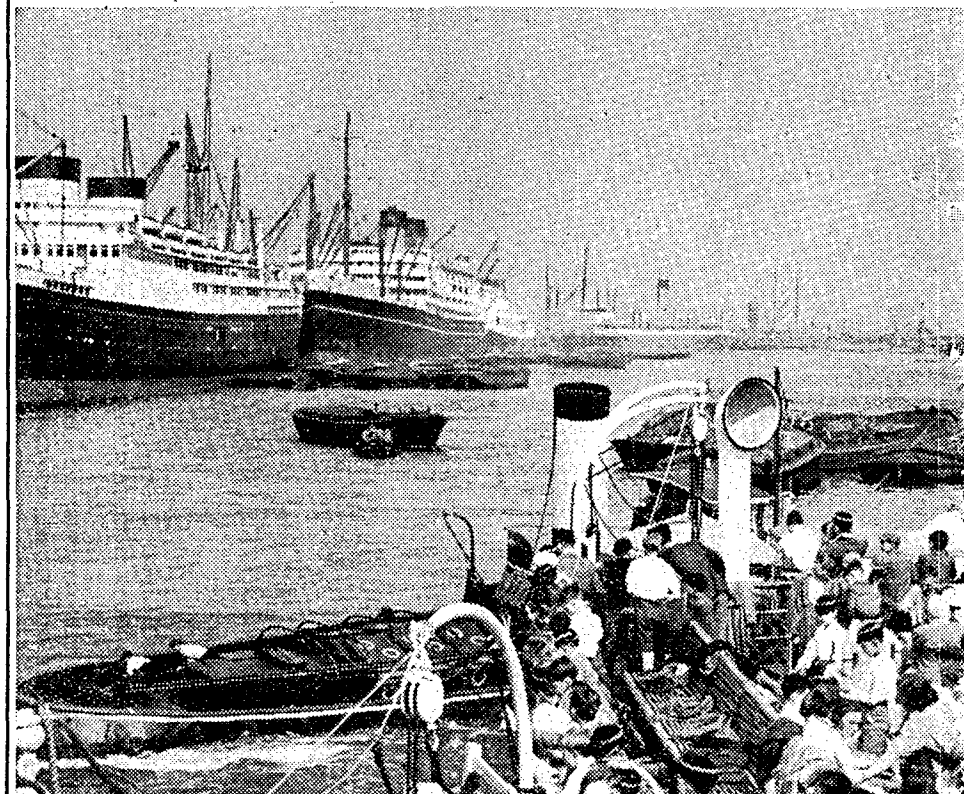
See World Map



A LOVELY REACH OF THE RIVER THAME



A BATHING BEACH IN A SYLVAN SETTING WHERE THE THAME



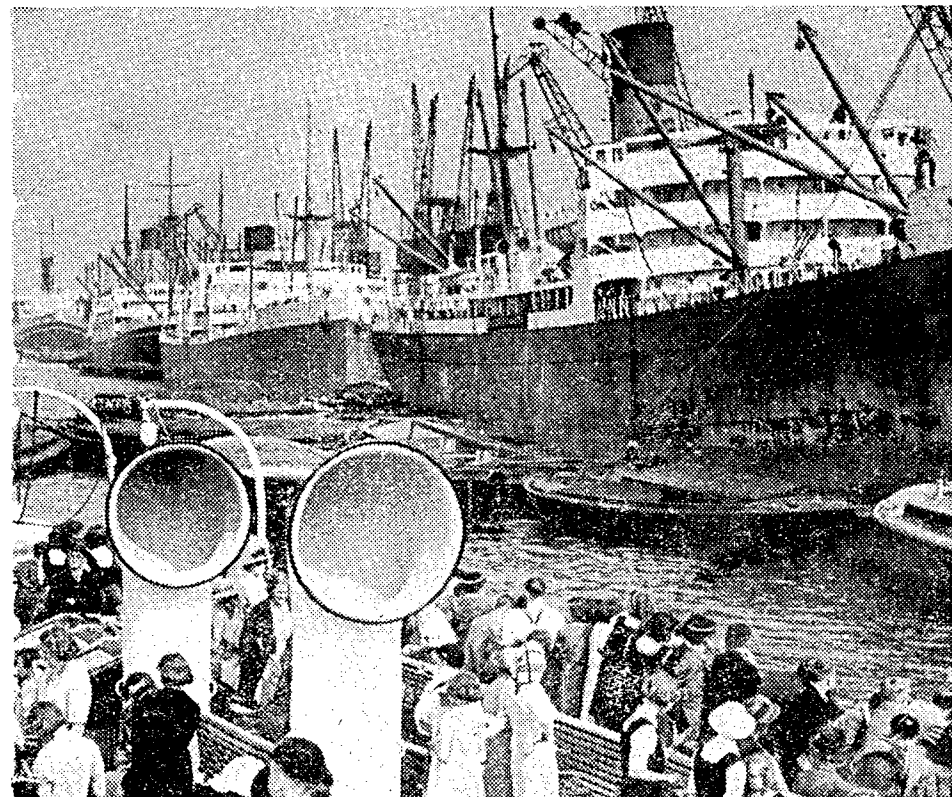
SHIPS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS COME TO LONDON'S RIVE



S AT BOURNE END IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE



S FLOWS BETWEEN MIDDLESEX AND SURREY NEAR RICHMOND



R—A BUSY SCENE IN KING GEORGE THE FIFTH DOCKS

Half the World Can Neither Read Nor Write

ONE of the most amazing facts in the present history of the world came to light very forcibly not long ago at a World Missionary Conference at Madras.

Most of the delegates, from 70 nations, had not realised it, although many of them knew that the evil was bad in their own country. The fact is that *half the human race can neither read nor write*. They are the illiterates of the world, and are largely the world's forgotten peoples.

About one-third of these are under the British flag in India, some 325 millions of whom are unable to receive a simple letter and answer it themselves—which is commonly used as the test for literacy. In the Philippine Islands only 65 out of every 100 can read and write, while in Spain the percentage is less than 54, Bulgaria 44, and Italy 72. Over half the people of South America are in this category, and it is estimated that one out of every hundred people in the United Kingdom is also illiterate.

Enlightened Pacific Islanders

Curiously enough, the part of the world to rank third in the ranks of literacy, after Europe and North America, are the small islands of the Pacific, and this, says Dr Frank Laubach, an American expert who has been investigating this great problem, is due entirely to missionary education. Japan, too, stands high; over 99 per cent of her people are capable readers and writers. Lithuania, one of the Baltic countries, presents its own problem, for there 420,000 people can read but cannot write.

This great problem of the world's illiterates is now being tackled as never before. In China mass attacks have been made on provinces and districts by students from colleges under Government direction. Whole villages have been taught the simplified 1300 words, to which the bewildering Chinese language has been reduced, and even now, in time of war; the attack on illiteracy is going on in the refugee camps. Russia too has made great attacks on illiteracy among her millions of peasants, and it is now estimated that only 25 people out of every 100 can neither read nor write.

Simple Vocabularies

One of the swiftest methods for adults to learn to read and write is the method which Dr Frank Laubach has practised with great success in the Philippine Islands and in India and Africa. It consists in finding key words or sentences, employing the consonants only once, and upon these building up simple vocabularies. The letters comprising the various lessons are printed on large charts, and words are illustrated by the object or action they represent.

In starting his campaign in the Philippines Dr Laubach had to find teachers first of all. In every village and town a man was chosen with good eyesight who mastered the reading charts and the little 12-page primer, consisting of simple folk stories. "It is magic," said one student after reading his first story. Among the Moros people in the Philippines the

ambition to read spread like fire, and along the streets crowds of people could be seen spelling out their words and helping each other. The motto of the campaign was, *Each one Teach one*. The charts were to be found on the walls of nearly every house, and it is estimated that about 70 per cent of the people learned to read during the four years' intensive campaign.

In India the campaign has been hindered by the multiplicity of languages which must be reduced to simple terms for the charts. But missionaries have taken up the methods enthusiastically, although Mr Ghandi was at first doubtful, lest being able to read might put people in touch with bad literature, and might also become a substitute for thinking and meditating. In the villages when the great charts have been displayed in the light of great arc lamps the people have been eager to learn.

In one village, out of 120 inhabitants all but 22 started to learn, their ages varying from ten to eighty. The women began first, and taught their husbands. The herd boys going out to the fields carried their charts to teach each other while the cattle were grazing. The visiting teacher is fed by each family in turn, and on the verandah of the village store large numbers gather regularly to show visitors how well they can read.

India's Many Languages

Teaching India to read and write is a slow, hard business. There are 225 separate languages, and many of them cannot be written by ordinary people owing to the classical character of the script. Poverty and apathy are against the villager too; but the joy and delight which have come into thousands of lives through the little reading primers are worth all the hard work. One missionary said, "If I had a million pounds I would invest it in a literacy campaign in India."

In the countries of the Near East, Egypt, Persia, Syria, Arabia, and Palestine, the great Arabic language has been adapted for simple reading. In one village the sheik discovered that a few women had learned to read, and he ordered the whole village to take it up. Along the East African coast too the desire to read is spreading, and in Dar es Salaam, the chief town of Tanganyika, six men who were wholly illiterate learned to read in a day.

The great need now is for more and more literature in good newspapers, magazines, and books for all the new readers of the world. Many will slip back again into illiteracy unless they are provided with literature, and this is a task which missions and governments everywhere have only just begun to tackle.

Books For Prison

It is interesting to know that the CN is delivered to all prisoners in one of our prisons, but it is to be feared that the same wise judgment is not always displayed by those who send books to prison. One book lately sent was on the Beauty of Dartmoor, and another was a volume on Locks, Bolts, and Bars.

TEN MILLION PETTY GAMBLERS

Millions of Money Taken From Honest Trade

According to a Church Committee on Gambling, ten million people now take part in football pool gambling.

As this number is almost the same as the number of homes in the land, it would appear that pool gambling has become nearly universal. The Committee say that the yearly turnover is now about £50,000,000.

The number of betting firms organising the "business" is now about 65; their chief instrument is newspaper advertising. Many newspapers publish articles advising people how to proceed.

The profits are enormous and are estimated at £9,000,000 gross, which, after allowing for £6,750,000 expenses, leaves a clear profit of £2,250,000. An army of girls is employed to deal with the coupons; normally they are "in employment," but actually they are wasting their time.

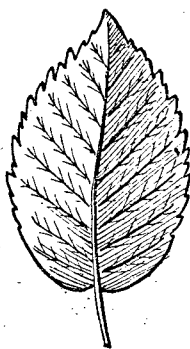
At first confined to football, this form of gambling is said to be extending to cricket. The football authorities are strongly opposed to the degradation of a fine game, but the Government looks on, and the Treasury is content to point out that it taxes the profits!

One of the most terrible things ever said in Parliament was Sir John Simon's declaration that *as long as he receives the revenue he is neutral* in this matter.

The Leaves of the Trees

Never were the trees more beautiful than in this summer in our countryside. Look at them, with their lovely shapes and their wonderful leaves, so marvellously made. We propose to take a leaf each week this summer and consider it with its tree; it toils not, neither does it spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Hornbeam. This tree you can find, among other places, in Highgate Woods. The wood is very hard, tough as horn. Often a french nail will bend if driven into it. The bark is black, smooth, and delicately plaited. The young twigs opening in spring are exquisite. It looks like beech, and is often mistaken for it, growing in clayey moist soil, which does not suit beech. It is one of our loveliest trees. It does not grow into a big tree like beech, and should be much more planted in gardens. It makes good charcoal, which is, of course, very valuable commercially. Its hardness makes it useful for wooden wearing parts of machinery and wheels. You can distinguish the leaf from beech by the toothed edge.



Seeing the World From a Chair

If you had been tramping in the Yorkshire dales of late you would almost certainly have met or heard of Mrs Mary Thorne, aged 66, of New Earswick, making an 80-mile tour of the dales in a bathchair.

Always she had wanted to see the dales, but 13 years ago she was crippled by a spinal accident and it looked as if she would never see them. She got better, and eventually was able to go out in a bathchair. So it came to pass that her son and his wife set off with her, pushing her over Buttertubs, 1726 feet up, and over Greenside Pass above Hawes which is 1862 feet.

Something About Wrangel Island

THERE is hardly another spot on the globe where so many walruses are encountered as in the waters off Wrangel Island, once said a Russian Arctic explorer, first Chief of the Island.

"Cases are known when hunters have returned without a catch (he added), not because there were no animals, but because there were too many of them; bitter experience has taught hunters not to attack walruses in large herds." Mr Ushakov had not infrequently seen herds of more than 10,000 walruses.

In the waters of Wrangel Island, which is in the Arctic Ocean north-west of Bering Strait, white whales and various species of seals are also found. On the island itself are many animals, and the people on the island are mainly employed in the hunting and trapping trades. Hundreds of traps are set for the blue fox, and a rich bag is taken from them regularly.

With the approach of the Polar day, when the sun shines during the whole 24 hours of day and night, rivulets begin to run down the hills and the air is filled with the screeching of thousands of birds—geese, guillemots, and others. Numerous game markets spring up on the coast.

The earnings of hunters are steadily increasing. During four months of last year a hunter earned £840 on his blue foxes alone, and another hunter earned £760. Also the skins of polar bears and seals and the tusks of walruses bring in thousands of roubles.

Their earnings enable the hunters to purchase crates loaded with products, which they transport by dog sledge from the trading station to the tents. Eskimos and Chukchi who but a short time ago wore fur next to their skin now buy linen, wool, European clothing, boots, clocks, and so on. The children study at the boarding

school of the Arctic Station, where they acquire not only knowledge but habits of cleanliness. They have, too, a taste for underwear and even neckties. They carry these habits of cleanliness to their families, and as a result the tents of the hunters are much cleaner and more comfortable than they used to be.

Tayan, the best hunter on Wrangel Island, has recently been appointed its Chief. He knows Russian and English, attends courses on general education, and edits a wall newspaper.

The Soviet flag was hoisted on Wrangel Island in 1924 by the hydrographer and head of the first Soviet expedition to the island. He cut his way through heavy ice on an ice-breaker. Two years after that the first wintering party, headed by Mr Ushakov, arrived at Wrangel Island, and with him came nine Eskimo and Chukchi families.

The island covers an area of 2700 square miles, nearly two-thirds of which are occupied by mountains, mainly bare shale. The summits of some of the mountains are 3000 feet above sea level. The climate is very severe; the winter lasts nearly nine months and the Polar night reigns supreme during two of them. Blizzards rage throughout the winter.

The warm season, which inhabitants of temperate climes would hardly call summer, is very short. Ice surrounds the island nearly the whole year round.

The first information about Wrangel Island, obtained from Chukchi settled on the Chukotsk Peninsula, was published in 1841 by the Russian traveller F. P. Wrangel. Captain De Long, the American explorer, first sighted the island on October 28, 1879, recognising it as the land entered on the map by Wrangel, and naming it Wrangel Island.

Germany's 86,000,000 People

IT is worth while, in view of the discussion on our falling population in the House of Lords, to look at the population of Germany.

In 1871, when Germany attacked France and defeated her, the German population was 41,000,000. The census of the present Germany, taken last May, returned a population of nearly 80,000,000.

We have to remember that while Germany lost millions of people by the lopping off of territory after her defeat in 1918, she has now taken over the remnant left of Austria.

The figure for 1939 does not include the small population of Memel (153,000) or the population of the annexed territory of Bohemia-Moravia (6,800,000). Including these, the Greater Reich now has roughly 86,500,000 people.

The Russian Soviet has 170,000,000 people, or about twice as many as Germany; but a large part of this population is in Soviet Asia. Between them Germany and the Soviet have 256,500,000, or about one in eight of all the world's people.

The war killed many Europeans, but the killing, while it checked growth, did not prevent increase. In 1914 Germany had 67,800,000 people.

In 1921 she was reduced to 61,000,000. By 1933, when Hitler came into power, the population had recovered to 65,200,000.

The increase in the German population since 1933 (apart from Bohemia and Moravia) is thus accounted for:

Due to natural increase, excess of births over deaths	3,200,000
Due to the seizure of Austria and Sudetenland	11,200,000

Thus the war losses have been more than wiped out by natural increase, but we must not forget that if there had been no war the population of the old Germany, without Austria, would have risen to quite 75,000,000.

It is regrettable to add that while, as long ago as 1861, France had a population of 37,400,000, she numbers today roundly 42,000,000, an increase of but 4,600,000. Of this small increase the larger part is accounted for by foreigners or people of foreign extraction.

For practical purposes, the French population of today is no bigger than it was 78 years ago.

The population of the United Kingdom is roundly 47,500,000, so that the United Kingdom and France have together an aggregate population of about 90,000,000.

777 YEARS AGO A Conqueror From the Grave

It is 777 years since the birth of Genghis Khan, and the anniversary with its triple 7 has brought him not new fame but ignominy. His body has just been carried away by sorrowing worshippers from the heart of Mongolia to the most inaccessible part of Shensi, a journey of six days, through mourning



Genghis Khan

multitudes stricken with grief that the flight should be necessary, a report having been circulated that an attempt was to be made by Mongolian minions of Japan to desecrate the shrine of the mighty ruler.

Genghis Khan (a name meaning The Ruler of the most Powerful) which he took for himself in celebration of his immense victories, was the son of a petty chieftain of Mongol hordes roaming the vicinity of the south shores of Lake Baikal. Like other barbarian conquerors, he suffered early defeats and exile, but, a man of irresistible energy and determination, he welded his people together, adding tribe to tribe and nation to nation to lead forces whose skill and merciless vigour there was no withstanding.

Claiming to be inspired by a spirit which still survives in the world, he declared that he had a Divine call to conquest, and, blending the Mongol and Tartar peoples into one, he inspired them with his own belief in his mission.

Like the modern Japanese in China, he carried fire and sword into the cities that lay before him; glories such as Bokhara and Samarkand he captured, pillaged, and burnt, and much of ancient civilisation that lay before him he reduced to smoking ruins. With the greatest organised army in the 12th century world he extended his conquests through large parts of Europe and Asia.

A Terrible Name

As he matured and his conquests became more settled he gave his people an alphabet and writing copied from the teaching of a Turkish tribe; he gave them rough but effective laws; he was personally generous and a true friend to those who could gain his confidence and goodwill. But if the writers of the time are to be believed his victories cost the human race five million lives.

He died leaving a terrible name; but every year there has been, for ages, a pilgrimage to his shrine, where the wooden coffin with its covering of silver plate has been exposed to view and its worship made the centre of astonishing religious rites among the Mongols.

Yet he at whose name the world of his day trembled is now, though dead, a fugitive, borne away by priests and soldiers, to be hidden for safety until it is safe to return him to his tomb.

The Women of Nuremberg

Housewives in the little mining town of Nuremberg in Pennsylvania took the law into their own hands the other day.

The new road through the town had been left unfinished. It was strewn with ashes and was so dusty that the housewives could not keep their homes clean; so they decided to close the road.

They placed tables and chairs at each end and mounted guard to see that motorists used a detour instead of the main road. Other women, armed with brooms, began sweeping the ashes away. The police were called, but were powerless in the face of such determination, and for five hours the women blockaded the road, finally going home triumphant after having been assured by the Road Department that work on the road would be resumed at once.

NEWS ABOUT WHEELS

Triumph of the Pneumatic Tyre

An Englishman who has lived for several years in America, writing home information for those here who may be visiting the World's Fair at New York this summer, expects that we shall be surprised, not only by the sight of armoured cars and guards carrying pistols at the ready before the entrances to great banks, but by the sight of milk-vans on rubber-tyred wheels.

Evidently he does not know how transport methods have developed since he went away. Practically all London's milk-vans have pneumatic tyres to their wheels, as have the great coal-vans, the motor dustcarts, and all the tradesmen's motor delivery vans; while, more surprising still, as C.N. readers have already learned, an increasing number of farm vehicles now use rubber tyres in place of iron rims for their wheels.

The strangest development of the kind is taking place in India. There the very oldest form of wheeled transport still holds the field. It is traction by bullock-cart. The latest returns show that India has over eight million of these vehicles, some with wheels fashioned like the first of wheels—solid blocks of rounded wood—the majority with spoked wheels with iron rims, but a daily increasing number have wheels which, like the milk-carts of New York and London, have pneumatic tyres, so combining the newest idea on the subject with the very first plan for the transport of civilised man's possessions.

Three Trees

A C.N. reader travelling in Japan writes us that she is very much impressed by Japanese trees. Practically every home, she writes, has a pine tree signifying old age, a clump of bamboo denoting strength, and a plum tree indicating purity.

The Puzzle of Big Diomed and Little Diomed

FROM time to time the BBC broadcasts remind listeners that time is not the same across the Atlantic as here.

A few nights ago the broadcaster announced regretfully that the second part of the programme of the Glyndebourne opera could not be relayed to American listeners because the time would not suit them there. Anyone who looks at the time clocks pictured across the C.N. Map of the World may guess why. If he looks at the clock above the Bering Straits he will note a very curious thing.

A line drawn north to south here marks the International Date Line, moving to either side of which an observer can pick up a day—or lose it.

Wanted, a Memorial

It has been suggested that two pioneers be honoured with a memorial.

They are Lieutenant Whitten Brown and Captain John Alcock. In these days of flying records their very names are already eclipsed, and the spot where they landed after one of the most startling adventures in history is nearly forgotten.

It is now 20 years since that memorable June morning when the two intrepid British airmen landed at Clifden in County Galway, after an amazing flight from the New World to the Old. Over the 1890 miles they averaged 118 miles an hour, the fastest Atlantic crossing for 15 years. They were the first men to cross the Atlantic by air.

It seems that there are not more than a few people left who can point to the exact spot at Clifden where they landed. Soon even this handful will pass away, and it will be only vaguely known.

Surely it is fitting that a simple inscription should be carved in stone and set up near the place?

On one side of the straits is Alaska, on the other side is Russia, and from the American side Asia can be seen 55 miles away. Midway in the straits are two islands, Little Diomed belonging to the United States of our American cousins and Big Diomed belonging to the United States of the Soviet Republics. On Big Diomed live about half a dozen Eskimo, the chief of whom is the Russian representative.

The International Date Line is drawn between the two islands, which are hardly more than a stone's throw from one another. But when it is Sunday on one Diomed it is Monday on the other. A rowing boat can consequently gain or lose a day in less than an hour.

Night at the Zoo

Flood-lighting at the Zoo on summer nights is bringing the public in touch with animals unknown to most of us, as they stir only by night.

One of the most impressive creatures thus revealed is the echidna or spiny ant-eater. About two feet long, with a long, thin snout and a spiny tongue covered with a glue-like substance enabling it to catch insects, it is one of the most primitive of all warm-blooded quadrupeds. Like a bird or a reptile, it lays eggs. It can coil up like our hedgehog to present an assailant with an impenetrable ball of prickles; it maintains itself on the lowest of all mammal temperatures—about 80 degrees—and, with its lowly organisms, it jogs along regardless of time.

The echidna is the veteran of the Zoo, for it has been there for 27 years. It is one of the few creatures that lived there while bombs were falling over London during the Great War, most of the other animals having come since those days.

A NEW CHANCE FOR COAL

Big Idea For the Nation

The Secretary for Mines opened a pulverised fuel works in Durham the other day, and in his speech dwelt on the extreme value of using coal in powdered form.

The fuel manufactured at the new works is coal pulverised to such a degree of fineness that it can be used in burners similar to those for oil, and can be pumped into bunkers like oil. Combustion control is as easy as for gas or oil.

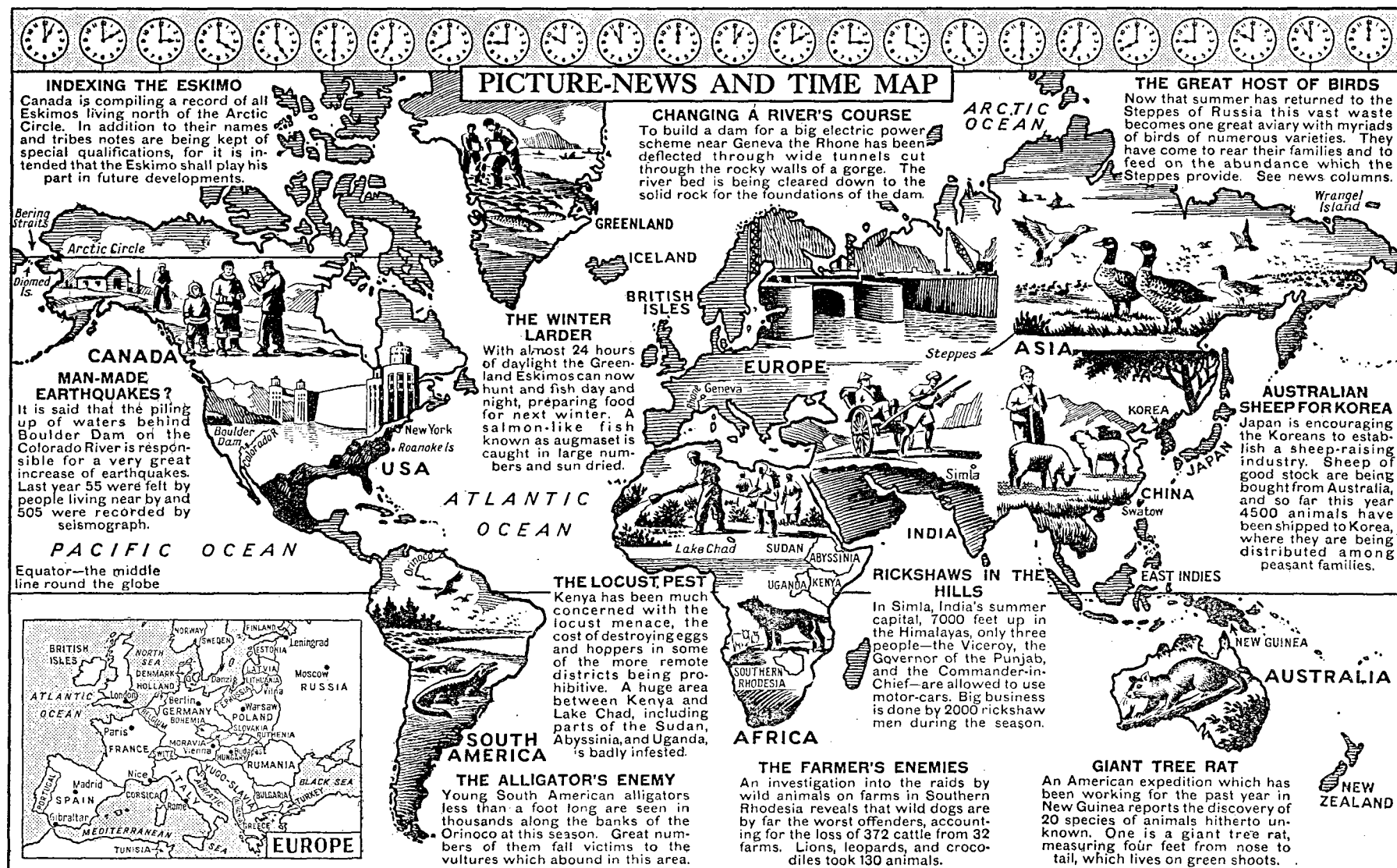
In the last ten years the consumption of pulverised fuel in Britain has doubled, reaching 6,500,000 tons. The biggest increase has been at electric power stations. The consumption by industry generally has increased greatly, but many do not yet realise the advantages of the system. The increase in consumption in the metallurgical industries is nearly 500 per cent.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of pulverised coal to the nation. It means a new lease of life for coal and enables it to compete with oil to advantage.

Chicks For the Goldfields

The boys and girls who live at Goldfields, away up in Saskatchewan, were agog with excitement the other day when they heard that one of the residents had had some baby chicks sent by plane.

The youngsters raced to her chicken yard, and there, exploring their new home with great glee, were 127 fluffy yellow chicks, the first ever to arrive in this mining settlement. It is hoped they will be laying eggs in the autumn and prove profitable. At present aeroplanes take about 500 dozen eggs to Goldfields each week.



PROXIMA CENTAURI

A World Evolving From a Small Sun

By the C.N. Astronomer

The state of things that exists on our beautiful world and the conditions which are to be inferred as prevailing on the other planets of our Solar System usually sum up for us all that is adapted to (or not adapted to) the existence of Life.

We find it difficult, if not impossible, to understand anything very different as existing because our senses are limited by the experiences of ourselves and our long-past ancestry. Our physical senses have evolved in conformity with the evolution of Life on our planet. Had the conditions of Life been very different there can be no doubt whatever that our senses would have evolved along very different lines and be different, more or less, from those we now possess. For example, had seasonal migration been essential to our survival mankind might have acquired the migratory and homing instinct now possessed by certain species of animal life.

A Mystery of the Heavens

It is when we peer into the vast depths of space and single out spheres far beyond our Solar System that we find conditions so very different as to be quite beyond our conception. Yet though there are almost an infinity of things that we cannot understand this does not alter the fact that they exist. As Cardinal Newman once put it, we may apprehend the existence of that which we cannot comprehend.

So let us take a mental peep at that mystery of the heavens, the little half-dead sun known as Proxima Centauri.

It is one of the smallest stars known, and was for some years regarded as the nearest of all. More recent and exact measurements have, however, proved it to be a little farther away than the famous suns of Alpha Centauri which were described last week; but Proxima is nevertheless sufficiently near to be still regarded as a sun physically connected with Alpha Centauri. Their relative positions are indicated in the star-map, the angular distance of Proxima from Alpha Centauri being about two degrees, or nearly four times the apparent width of the Moon. So Proxima must be some-



The position of little 10½ magnitude Proxima, relative to Alpha and Beta Centauri

thing like 500 times farther from Alpha Centauri than Neptune is from our Sun.

Proxima now shines with a red light, and its spectrum indicates that it is a sun which is approaching extinction. With a calculated diameter of some 60,000 miles, which is less than three-quarters that of Jupiter, Proxima radiates only one-ten-thousandth of the amount of light that our Sun does. Though Proxima is the nearest known world-to-be it is nevertheless about 8860 times farther away than Neptune is, but it is coming nearer at the rate of about 800 miles a minute. We wonder what is the future of this world-to-be, for such it certainly is. And what of satellites that are possibly revolving round it bathed in its red light? Are they covered in vegetation, and, if so, what colours will they take in that red sunlight and what strange forms may have evolved in such a long existence? Thus our thoughts may wander through conditions of Life we cannot define or comprehend, but which we know must often exist if the elements are there. So we realise how we are surrounded by an infinity of mysteries, the mystery of unending variety and, above all, the Grand Mystery of why all this should exist at all.

G. F. M.

Jack and Jill Go Up to University

OUR Jacks and Jills are climbing the beanstalk of learning higher and faster every year.

The foot of the beanstalk is in the elementary school, otherwise the council school. At the top is a university, and last year all the universities in Great Britain taken together could count that half the number of their students came from these schools.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities stand rather apart from the rest, and the figures for them last year are not yet ready; but out of 1447 young students going to Oxford 350, or rather more than a fifth of the number, had begun their education at an elementary school. They clamber up the beanstalk with the help of grants and scholarships, some pausing at the secondary school, some going on to the engineering or technical colleges, and some winning a scholarship at a university college to the university itself. The university gives them a new start in life, or keeps the most promising of them. More than one pupil who began in a council school has won a University Scholarship, and has after about three years, study become a wrangler, and

continued as a university don or professor. Another new thing in the life of the universities of Great Britain is the increasing number of students who come to them from the Dominions or the outskirts of the Empire. Over 3000 came to the Mother Country's universities from those distant lands overseas, and 1300 of them went to Oxford or Cambridge. Taking all the homeland's universities together, a quarter of the students were young women, another quarter were working at medicine or dentistry, but only one in ten at technical or industrial subjects. It seems likely that the profession of schoolmaster or schoolmistress captured the greatest number of the remaining large percentage who did not go into business.

What is certain is that the number who do nothing in particular after going to a university and leaving it is falling fast; and this is because the university student himself, or herself, is changing. He comes from lower down the social and educational scale, and, knowing that he will have to earn a living, goes to the university for help in that course, and to work instead of to play.

Building With the Ashes of Volcanoes

THE Building Research Board has been telling of investigations of materials made from ash from volcanoes which combine with lime to form cement for use under water.

Whereas this material had previously to be imported from abroad, we are told, it can now be artificially produced at home from clays and shales. Doubtless progress in this work of wonder has been achieved, but the discovery is certainly a century and more old.

The pozzuolanas, as these materials are called, take their name from Pozzuoli, an Italian seaport in the province of Naples. It was one of the old Roman spas, with public baths much frequented in the time of Nero. It was in the arena there that St Janarius was thrown to the lions.

What must have seemed almost a miracle to the people of those old days, clever Romans discovered that a cement could be formed from the ash of the volcano-menaced town which, with the addition of lime, enabled them to build great underwater structures that grew harder and harder the longer they remained submerged.

What the Cushy-Doo Knows

WE liked the story recently told of a gamekeeper from the wilds of Scotland who, brought to London for his first visit, replied, when asked what had most impressed him in the great city, "The cushy-doo feeding from people's hands in Hyde Park."

By cushy-doo he means the wood-pigeons, which are as tame as ducks and sparrows in our London parks. But what a sense of territory these wise birds have! One of the parks backs up to gardens of private houses, from which it is divided by a fence and shrubbery. On the park side of the boundary the pigeons

approach all comers as confident and proficient beggars; a child may actually touch them as they bob and strut and appeal for titbits.

But once on the other side of the fence, where the pigeons are such a plague that no greenstuff can be reared in the kitchen gardens, they know they are trespassers and robbers, and no human being can get within a hundred yards of them. At the sound of a footfall up and away they start, back over the fence to the park and safety.

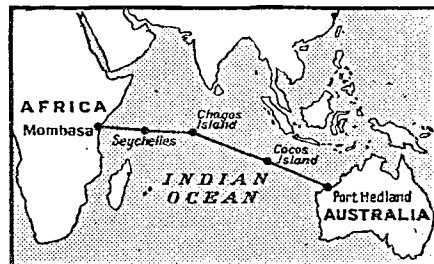
Clearly the cushy-doo knows where he is safe and where he is in danger.

A.A.A. Australia-to-Africa Airway

There was anxiety in Australia the other day because a flying boat had failed to find Cocos Islands, which all knew well as the remote spot in the Indian Ocean where the German cruiser Emden was driven ashore in the Great War after the first victorious engagement by the Australian navy.

The Islands were there all right but clouds had concealed them from the airmen, who landed safely next day. This landing was the first of a series to be made on islands in the Indian Ocean in an effort to establish another all-red flying route, and thus secure a link between the Motherland and Australia without touching Asia.

On June 5 the huge flying boat Guba set out on a 5000-mile ocean flight to survey an alternate air mail route which passes solely through British territory. The Guba is owned by an American millionaire, Dr Richard Archbold, who lives in New Guinea, and it was chartered for the flight by the Australian Commonwealth. Its crew is American, the flight



is financed by Australia, and Captain Taylor, known for his exploits with Sir Kingsford Smith, organised the flight.

The start was made from Port Hedland on the North-West coast of Australia; then came a hop of 1200 miles to Cocos Island; from Cocos to Chagos Island 1400 miles; from Chagos to Seychelle Island 990 miles; and from Seychelle Island to Mombasa on the east coast of Africa, 840 miles.

The Indian Ocean, from Australia to Africa, was the only sea uncrossed by an aircraft when this flight began.

The flight to Africa was a personal triumph for Mr C. L. K. Foot, a citizen of Western Australia, who has pressed the claims of the route for at least three years. He is a retired army officer, and knows what chaos there might be on organised air mail routes in the event of war. He has visualised the alternate route by which mails and passengers could be carried to and from Africa and Australia, and others agreed with him that it was a practicable one. Now his perseverance has its reward and Australia grows nearer to her Motherland.

People Who Cannot Be Broken

The Chinese Ambassador in London has published a letter written to his wife by Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, in which a terrible description is given of the recent bombing of Chungking.

We do not wish to repeat what was in the daily papers at the time, but Madame Chiang Kai-Shek goes on to say:

The spirit of the people is magnificent. Never a word of complaint nor muttered discontent. It seems as though the bodies of our people are being crucified but the spirit is being baptised in fire and blood. If the Japanese think they can break us by such inhuman and deliberate cold-blooded murder they are vastly mistaken. The Government and the people are pulling as one.

Our women are wonderful. After almost two years of war, when they would justifiably be allowed to succumb to hysteria and nervous prostration, they have held out, and have been cheerful and indefatigable in their efforts to save the unfortunates.

STOTTLE BINK

What the Vikings Left Behind in Yorkshire

A fight has been fought to a finish in Yorkshire.

The famous headland village of Flamborough has won a victory of far-reaching importance, for what it has done may well be used as a precedent when old names and half-forgotten words are revived.

Our language is being continually impoverished by the loss of words which are hoary with age, and weakened by the introduction of words and names which for various reasons are unwelcome.

Flamborough, it seems, has just succeeded in preserving two old words from oblivion. It is the name Stottle Bink, which is to be given to part of a new housing estate in the village. There has been much opposition to this name which sounds curious today.

Stottle Bink simply means cattle bank, a place where cattle were allowed to feed. It was so used by the Vikings over 1000 years ago, and as their descendants are living at Flamborough today, many of them using Danish words even now, it is fitting that this old name should have been given to a new corner of the village.

Old Viking Words

So far from dying out at Flamborough, certain Danish words and names are still used here which have become obsolete in Scandinavia. The people of Flamborough still say Beal for Cry or Shout, a word almost identical with the old Viking word Belja. The Vikings used the word Dengja, meaning to strike, and Flamborough folk use the word Deng in the same sense.

To show how perfectly Viking words (some of them now forgotten in Denmark) have been preserved at Flamborough we may note the following Viking words compared with standard English and Flamborough speech:

VIKING	ENGLISH	FLAMBOROUGH
Band . . .	String or cord . . .	Band
Barn . . .	Child . . .	Barn
Buinn . . .	Ready . . .	Boon
Gaukr . . .	Cuckoo . . .	Gowk
Gymbr . . .	Female lamb . . .	Gimmer
Kleggi . . .	Horse-fly . . .	Kleg
Leika . . .	To play . . .	Laik
Moldvarpa . . .	Mole . . .	Moodiewarp
Reykr . . .	Smoke . . .	Reek
Skjappa . . .	Basket . . .	Skep
Thettr . . .	Watertight . . .	Theet
Throngr . . .	Busy . . .	Throng

All this goes to show that Flamborough is today one of the most Danish spots in England; and it has therefore every right to preserve in its street names the thousand-year-old words Stottle Bink.

CONQUEST OF PNEUMONIA

A Medical Miracle

The virtual conquest of pneumonia is reported.

This deadly disease, which has slain millions, is due to the presence in the body of a micro-organism which was discovered by Fraenkel. To discover a specific germ is one thing; to destroy it without destroying the body which is its host is another and a very different thing.

In 1937 the deaths from pneumonia were nearly 40,000; in 1939 they are likely to be reduced to a mere fraction of that number. The first life saved by the new method was that of a woman of 65, who when admitted to St Bartholomew's was thought a hopeless case.

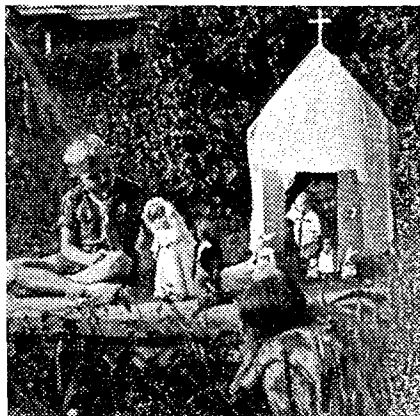
A Woodpecker and a Ball

The residents of Crystal Falls in Michigan have been very grumpy of late, and no wonder, for every morning at five they are awakened with a start by a woodpecker! There is a big metal ball on top of a school, and the energetic bird beats a tattoo on this hollow sphere.

A Country School in Poland



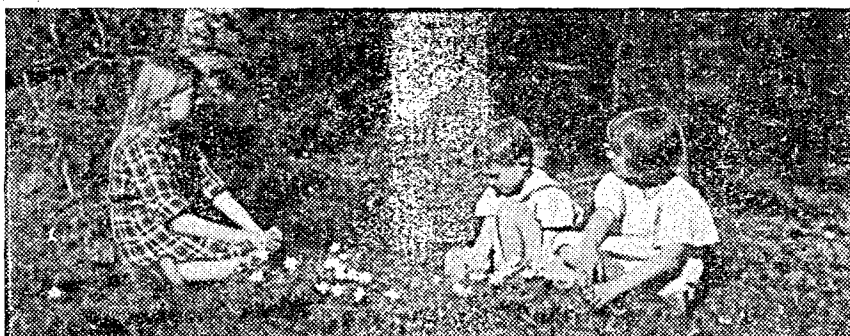
The Chief Guide of Poland studying pond life



A little wedding party dressed by the pupils



Three young pupils and three bars of chocolate



Once upon a time—a fairy tale in the woods



Making a camp fire

These charming pictures from the C N's Poland correspondent show something of the happy country life of pupils in a Polish Guide School

SCREEN OFF THE UGLY THINGS

Nature Gives Us Beauty Free

A survey by the Thames Valley Town-Planning Committee (surely it should be Country-Planning?) came near to a plan recommended a long time ago by the C N for planting trees to screen off ugliness.

The C N suggested to the Men of the Trees that where hideous advertisements disfigured the roads trees should be planted in front to shut them out. Trees might also redeem some of the horrors of ribbon development along the roads.

When the Thames Town-Planning Committee set out on a voyage from Kingston to Staines there was some fear among them that our silver Thames might also be suffering from ribbon development, with advertisements all complete. They reported that there was a gratifying shortage of advertisements on the river banks, but there were places where there was a less pleasing abundance of shacks and caravans.

There are in other stretches of the river strings of bungalows as well which add nothing to its dignity or beauty. Additions to these may be prevented by the local authorities. The shacks and caravans cannot be ordered off at present because they are not permanent buildings; and there are certain places along the river front where disorderly building cannot be removed or prevented.

The Planning Committee is therefore considering whether, when these unsightly mushroom dwellings are visible from the river, the view could be improved by planting trees in front. This planting should have an eye on what is to be done, as well as what has been done and cannot be undone. Where planning is to be undertaken by the side of the Thames groups of trees should be part of the view.

There is nothing more beautiful than trees and, practically speaking, they cost nothing.

The nation is mad which does not help Nature to beautify its countryside by growing trees.

WASTED SUNLIGHT

A Gap in Our Defence

The Sunlight League is 15 years old and we take this from the new number of its Journal; it is by the Chairman, Dr C. W. Saleeby.

I should be lacking in my duty if I did not now urge that the waste of sunlight which might be growing potatoes is inexcusable at the present juncture in our national life.

The superlative place of potatoes was proved by Professor Hindhede of Copenhagen when he saved the Danish people from starvation during the last war entirely by switching the national dietary from the pig to the potato.

By no reasoning of finance, or fear of public opinion, or anything else, can a policy be defended which, while hoarding food, forbids the growth of food on soil and by means of sunlight now being completely wasted.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of July 1914

Is the Battleship Doomed? Submarines and aeroplanes, says Admiral Scott, have completely revolutionised naval warfare. No fleet can hide itself from the eye of the aeroplane; and the submarine can deliver a deadly attack even in broad daylight. In these circumstances I can see no use for battleships, and very little chance of much employment for fast cruisers. The Navy will be entirely changed. Naval officers will no longer live on the sea, but either above or under it. The strain on their system and nerves will be so great that a lengthy period of service will not be desirable. It will be a navy of youth.

BRIGHT ALEC

Complete Story by
T. C. Bridges

The Hidy Hole

CHAPTER 1

The Unwanted Guest

It was a morning in late July, and Richard Kynaston with his brother Horace and his sister Annabel were sitting in the shabby old schoolroom at Bishop's Mead.

"It means," said Richard gloomily, "that our hole will be a complete wash-out."

Richard was nearly thirteen; Annabel, better known as Babs, a year younger. Horace, plump, pink-faced, and less talkative than the other two, was ten. Babs spoke.

"Why do you say that, Dick? I think it will be nice to have another boy here."

"This isn't a boy," snapped Dick. "It's a freak. Dad showed me his photo. He's as old as I and nothing like so big as Horry. He's a poor, skinny little misery and wears glasses. He'll be afraid of getting his feet wet or his hands dirty. I don't know what Dad was thinking of to ask him here."

"His father had to go to Palestine in a hurry," Babs explained. "Perhaps he won't be as bad as you think, Dick. When is he coming?"

"This afternoon. Vince is meeting him at Taverton. I'm not going to wait in for him. Let's have tea in the Hidy Hole."

Bishop's Mead was a very old house standing on a terrace above the River Slane. The river ran through a valley with limestone cliffs on either side. These cliffs were full of caves, and one of these the three young Kynastons had fitted up as a den. They called it their Hidy Hole and spent a lot of time there.

There were plenty of caves in the cliffs, but the attraction about this one was that it was so hard to find. To get there you had to zigzag through clumps of brambles and gorse, and the mouth was hidden by a pile of boulders.

As usual the three went very cautiously. They did not walk together, but split up and crawled among the gorse. It would have taken very sharp eyes to spot them.

They had brought food, they had a spirit lamp in the cave and, once safe inside, they lit candles, put on water to boil, and made tea. Babs laid the table, an old packing-case covered with newspaper. There was plenty of bread and butter and home-made cake. The kettle boiled, the tea was made, when a rustle at the entrance made them start.

"May I come in?" came a clear voice, and out of the dark, narrow entrance stepped a very small boy. His thin face was brown, his large dark eyes were half hidden by spectacles, his black hair was cut short in the French fashion, his feet and hands were small, and he wore a suit of grey flannels.

The three stared at him, but he showed no signs of nervousness. "I'm Alec Renshaw," he observed. "Vince told me you'd be in your cave."

"He didn't show you the way!" Dick said sharply.

"No, I had to trail you," Alec answered.

"You trailed us!" Dick exclaimed.

"It was easy," said Alec. "Dad's tracker, Golam, showed me how to read spoor when we were in India."

"Did anyone see you?" Dick demanded.

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"You'd have jolly soon found out if Dicky and Badger had spotted you."

Alec looked puzzled. "Who are they?"

"They're Raymond and Gilbert Shandon," Dick explained. "They live at Dunnamcombe, the other side of the river. They're hulking bullies and have a down on us."

"Dick fought Dicky," put in Babs.

"And got licked," said Dick grimly.

"He's a head taller than you," Babs added quickly.

Alec gazed at Dick through his glasses.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What can we do?" snapped Dick.

"They're too big to lick."

"There are other ways of scoring off people."

Dick glared, and Babs, seeing that trouble was afoot, hurriedly offered Alec a cup of tea and some cake.

"I told you he was hopeless," said Dick to his sister after they had got home.

"Silly young ass! Imagine a kid like that trying to score off Badger and Dicky. They'd eat him."

"I wish we could do something about them," Babs said. "I hate all this dodging and crawling."

"So do I," Dick agreed, "but we can't. Anyway, we have the Hidy Hole."

Dick wouldn't talk to Alec that evening, and Alec went to bed early. Next morning

Alec was in the garden when Dick came up with a face like thunder. "You've messed it up properly. Dicky and Badger must have spotted you yesterday. They've been in the Hidy Hole and wrecked it."

CHAPTER 2

The Trick Works

Alec went off for a walk by himself. He was not happy. He had been looking forward no end to this holiday at Bishop's Mead, and now it seemed it was going to be a flat failure.

But Alec, small as he was, had no end of pluck and determination. He meant to put himself right with Dick if he possibly could, and, of course, the best—the only—way was to get square with these Shandons.

He went first to the Hidy Hole. As Dick had said, it was a wreck—everything smashed to bits.

"A nasty, cowardly business," Alec said aloud.

"So that's what you think," came a sneering voice behind him, and Alec turned to face two big louts of 14 and 15 who glared at him in a most unpleasant way.

"That is what I think," he answered so calmly that the Shandon brothers were taken aback.

Alec darted between them and was off like the wind. He flung himself down in the thick of the gorse and lay like a mouse while Dicky and Badger charged by. The moment they had passed Alec turned to the left and crawled into a crevice between two great rocks, where he waited while the Shandons exhausted themselves vainly beating the long line of thick covert.

At last his enemies gave up and Alec crept out. Finding the coast clear, he began searching the cliffs for another Hidy Hole.

There were dozens of caves, small and big. Some were mere passages winding into dark depths; others were too open. Nearly all were wet. But at last Alec struck something that he thought might do and hurried home just in time for lunch. Afterwards he tackled Dick.

"I've found another Hidy Hole," he said.

"You've found a hole!" Dick sneered. "Babs and Horry and I have been all up and down the cliffs for years and never struck one that was any good except the one you gave away."

JACKO GETS A SOAKING

JACKO hadn't been at the seaside very long before he began to miss Chimp. It was dull doing things by yourself, as everyone knows.

He had the surprise of his life one day, when Mother Jacko said, with a smile, "If you go to the station, Jacko, I think you will see Chimp. I have invited him over for the day."

With a whoop of joy Jacko tore out

Alec stuck to it. "Come and see," he said.

Something about Alec made Dick yield. "All right," he said gruffly; "but I know it's no good."

When they reached the place Dick grew angry again.

"Why, you idiot, anyone can see the mouth from ever so far away!"

"That doesn't matter," returned Alec. "Come in and I'll show you."

A passage with just enough head room led inwards. A little way in, this passage was cut by a deep gap quite eight feet wide. This was spanned by a plank.

"See what I mean," said Alec. "This plank which I found is a drawbridge. When we're inside we pull it up. When we go out we hide it."

"But they'll find it or get another," Dick objected.

"Let 'em," was Alec's astonishing answer. "That's what I want them to do."

Dick was too startled to speak. Alec pointed to a shelf of rock at the far side of the cave.

"I'll let them see me go in," he went on. "I'll be bait. You and I will fix up a rope so that I can climb to that shelf. I pull the rope up behind me. While they're looking for me you jerk away the plank. Then they're trapped."

"But so are you," said Dick.

"I shan't mind. I'll take some grub and a thermos and stay there all night if need be."

He grinned. "They won't last that long, Dick. They'll be howling for help, and you can make terms with them."

Dick looked thoughtful. "It's not a bad scheme, Alec," he said, and there was a new note in his voice, which pleased Alec. "But if they catch you they'll half kill you."

"They won't catch me," said Alec.

"How can they?"

"We'll jolly well try it," said Dick with sudden decision, "but I'll go up on the shelf, not you."

"That's no good, Dick. I'm not strong enough to pull out the plank."

Dick grunted. "No, I suppose not. All right. We'll bring the rope and things here after dark and tomorrow we can see how it works out."

After supper the two slipped away. They carried sandwiches, a thermos of cold tea, and a coil of rope.

That night Dick hardly slept at all. For years he and his brother and sister had been persecuted by the Shandons. Their

father, who was an invalid, did not interfere, and there was no one else to help them. Dick was thrilled at the idea of getting even with the bullies.

Next morning he and Alec went up the valley. They made a pretence of dodging through the gorse, but did it in such a way that they could easily be seen from above.

When they got into the cave Dick's eyes were shining. "I saw them. They'll be here pretty soon."

"Right," said Alec. "Don't let them see you!"

"Not I. As soon as you're up I'll hide."

Dick's hiding-place had been already found. It was a deep recess in the passage wall. Alec crossed the plank, lit a candle and fixed it on a rock. He lost no time in shinning up the rope. Gaining the broad ledge, which was about eight feet from the floor, he drew up his rope.

Long minutes dragged by and Alec was beginning to be afraid that the bait had not been taken when he heard cautious steps in the passage. Then the steps sounded on the plank and Alec grinned.

Here came Raymond and Gilbert Shandon, and the light of the candle showed ugly triumph on their heavy faces. Raymond, nicknamed Dicky, looked round.

"It's no good hiding. We've got you this time. Come out!"

There was no reply. Badger snatched up the candle.

"They're in one of these holes," he said, and began to search the deep recesses in the rock. They searched the whole cave, but of course in vain.

"There's some trick about this," Dicky cried angrily.

Badger charged back to the entrance, and Alec heard a yell of dismay.

"The plank's gone!"

"Jump!" cried Dicky.

"I can't. The roof's too low. Look here, Dicky," he went on. "They had someone hidden outside to move the plank, but they're in here. They couldn't have dodged past us. We've got to find them."

The two went back into the cave and began a fresh search. Badger spotted the shelf.

"They're up there! Must have had a rope. Get some rocks. We can make a pile and climb up."

Alec felt unhappy. This was one thing he had never thought of. He crept to the back of the shelf and felt about, searching for some hole to hide in. It wasn't quite dark for some light was reflected from the candle below.

He found a hole. It was terribly small, but he had to try it for he could hear the Shandons rapidly piling stones. He wormed in. The hole grew smaller, and for a horrid moment he thought he was stuck. Then it grew larger and suddenly he was in a second cave. He grinned, for now he was safe. The hole was too small for the Shandons. Deliberately he wriggled back and fetched his rope and food. He was only just safe when he saw Badger's head over the rim of the shelf.

"They're not here, Dicky," said Badger in an angry voice.

"I'm here," said Alec sweetly.

"I'll wring your neck, you little rat!" roared Badger.

"I'm sure you would if you could reach me," said Alec.

Badger plunged at the hole, rammed himself into it, and stuck. He yelled for help, and Dicky pulled him out by the heels.

Alec spoke. "Are you ready to talk?"

"Talk! I'll hammer you to pulp," Badger threatened.

"Try not to be silly," Alec begged.

"You're trapped and you know it."

"So are you," howled Badger.

"But I have plenty of grub and a thermos and candles. I'm quite happy. Before night you'll be in the dark and starving."

He paused. "You two have been perfectly beastly to the Kynastons. Dick and I have decided that you'll stay here until you promise to keep your side of the river."

"I'll see you boiled before I promise anything of the sort," snapped Badger.

"All right," said Alec. "I'm taking a snooze. Call me tomorrow morning."

For a long time he listened to the Shandons' raving. It stopped at last, and they climbed down to see if there was any way out. Alec went sound asleep. He was roused by Badger's voice.

"You win," he said sulkily. "We promise to keep on our side of the river."

"Right," said Alec cheerfully. "Then I'm coming out."

"You did jolly well," said Dick, as he and Alec walked home together. "I'm sorry I was rotten to you yesterday." And added: "I think we'll have some topping times these holes."



They were shipping more water than they liked

of the house, and presently he came back with his arm round Chimp's neck, Bouncer jumping at their heels.

"I vote we get a boat," Jacko was saying.

Which was an excellent idea; the only difficulty was to find one.

As it happened, moored to the pier was a smart little motor-boat.

"Jump in," said Jacko, with a grin, looking round. "We'll borrow her for a bit"; and in he scrambled.

Chimp followed him, untied the mooring rope, and they floated away.

"I believe you've got the wind up," jeered Jacko.

But his voice was decidedly shaky, and, jerking the wheel over, he steered landward.

By the time they got in they were soaked to the skin. They looked so wretched that the owner, who had come to meet them with the full intention of meting out just punishment, contented himself with giving Jacko a mild clout on the head, and advised him to go home and change into some dry clothes as soon as he could.

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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 8, 1939.

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THINGS FOUND IN THE GARDEN—WHAT ARE THEY?

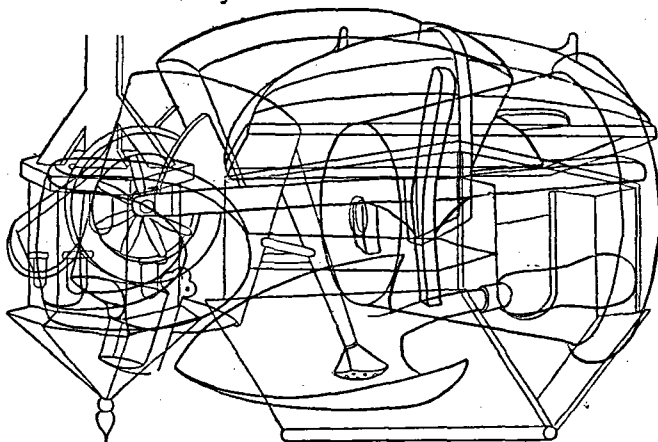
SHOWN in outline in the curious design given here are eight things found in many gardens. Can you name them?

Names of all the objects appear in the following list:

Dibber, Dog kennel, Dovecote, Flower-pot, Fork, Hammock, Hoe, Hose, Mower, Rake, Shears, Spade, Sundial, Syringe, Trowel, Trug (basket), Watering-can, Wheelbarrow.

The Editor offers two prizes of ten shillings each and 15 splendid little box cameras for senders of the best-written correct or nearest to correct solutions. Write your list alphabetically on a postcard, add your name, address, and age, and send it to C.N. Competition No 83, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp).

Two Prizes of 10s each and 15 Cameras



to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, July 13. This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and age will be taken into account. Only one attempt, which must be in the entrant's own handwriting, can be accepted from each reader. The Editor's decision will be final. Will you do the C.N. a good turn by introducing it to a friend? If you are among the prizewinners and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to buy the C.N. for at least a month, half-a-crown will be sent to you in addition to the prize.

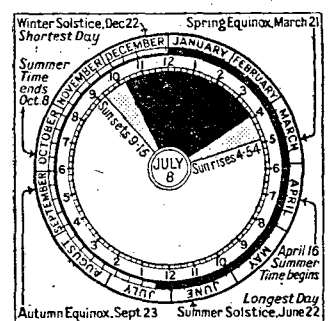
THE BRAN TUB

His Handicap

AN Eagle remarked to an airman "I'll admit that for speed you're a rare man; But to use a propeller To out-fly a fellow Who on feathers relies isn't fair, man!"

The C.N. Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 8. The black section of the



circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone.

Naturally
WHAT would a turnip become if it were left all day in a bucket of water? Wet.

Ici on Parle Français



La batte Les bâtons du guichet La balle
bat stumps ball

J'ai trouvé ma batte de cricket et les bâtons du guichet, mais je ne puis voir la balle nulle part.

I have found my cricket bat and the stumps, but I cannot see the ball anywhere.

This Week in Nature

THE hen-harrier hatches its young. This bird is a large, long-winged hawk which flies low and slowly across moorlands, especially in Scotland, in search of its chief food—reptiles and small animals. The young are brown, with dark streaks and bars on their plumage.

What Happened on Your Birthday

July 9. Elias Howe born . 1819
10. John Calvin born . 1509
11. John Quincy Adams born 1767
12. Erasmus died . 1536
13. James Bradley died . 1762
14. Richard Bentley died . 1742
15. Crusaders took Jerusalem from the Saracens 1099

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mercury is low in the north-west and Mars is in the south-east. In the morning Venus is low in the east, Saturn is in the south, and Jupiter in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon at 7.30 a.m. on Monday, July 10.

A Soil-less Rock Garden

A PRETTY little rock garden without soil can be made with some small pieces of stone, a dish, and a piece of thick material like felt or old blanket. Fold the material two or three times, make it damp, and then pile on it the

pieces of rock or stone. In the rock crevices put baby ferns, tufts of moss, little pieces of house leek, and sow tiny lots of grass seed here and there. The moisture will work up from the material, which must be kept damp, and soon you will have a pretty little rock garden.

A Signature

THE handwriting of a certain great man was almost unreadable. It was said that his signature looked like a gridiron struck by lightning.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

How Many Stairs? 23
Is This Your County? Cornwall
What Is It? Patience
The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

I	N	C	I	T	E	G	A	R	D	E	N
D	I	E	B	M	A	O	R	E			
I	L	L	O	B	E	S	E	O	A	R	
O	L	A	P	A	A	I	R	V			
M	A	B	A	L	L	A	S	T	S	E	
T	U	L	L	E	B	E	E	C	H		
H	O	S	E	A	L	L	M	E	E	T	
O	N	E	A	D	I	E	U	L	E	A	
P	E	D	A	L	P	P	U	T	T		

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MR DENTON told the children he had bought a television set.

The day it arrived he came home early from his office, and was astonished to find Amy and Margot in tears.

"What ever is the matter?" he asked.

"Nobbly!" sobbed Amy. "She's lost!"

Nobbly was their goat. They were all very fond of her and she was a great favourite in the family. Not only that, but she supplied little Margot with milk which the doctor had ordered, for

she was delicate and needed it to make her strong.

"When did you miss her?" asked their father.

"This morning. We've searched everywhere."

"Well, the only thing to do," said Mr Denton cheerfully, "is to call up the police stations and to put a notice in the paper."

Which they did. They anxiously waited all the next day for news, but none came.

They were all so gloomy the next evening that Mr Denton brought out the television set to cheer them up.

They sat down and waited for it to begin.

First there were scenes from a play, truly wonderful in their way, but the loss of their pet seemed to kill all enthusiasm. Then came the announcement of a big Fair which was being held in a town some miles away.

"Let's turn it off now," said Amy. "I can't think of anything but Nobbly."

"Wait, Daddy! Look!" cried Margot, in a sudden scream of excitement. "I do believe it's Nobbly! Look, she's in the show!"

NOBBLY ON THE SCREEN

"It can't be!" cried Mr Denton. "Yes, it is! Upon my word!"

And, sure enough, Nobbly it was.

The naughty little creature had run away from home and had wandered to this very town. Lost and bewildered, she found herself in the midst of the Fair, and seeming to stare right at them from the screen.

Of course it did not take long to find her and bring her safely back, and the children always claim that Nobbly was rescued by television.

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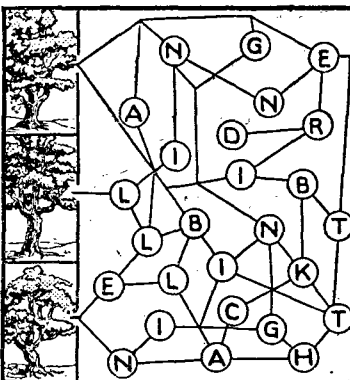
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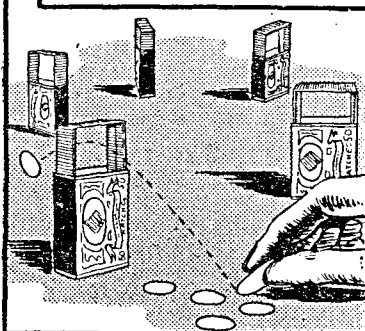
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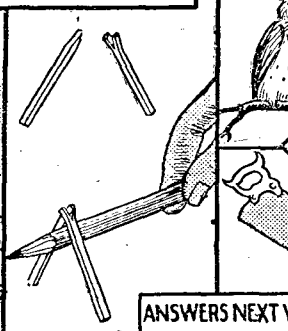


Spell the names of three birds by going from letter to letter along the lines. Each letter must be used once only.

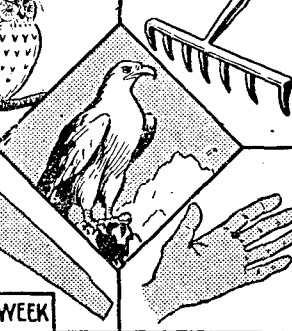
PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



Place five or six matchboxes on a table, having first removed the bottoms from the trays, and flick tiddley-winks through them. Make your own rules for the game.



Sharpen the end of one match and push it into the split end of another. Place across a pencil as shown, and hold so that the matches just touch the table. Watch the matches walk!



Write down the names of the objects shown. If done correctly the initial letters can be arranged to spell the name of an animal.

For Summer Health have
SHREDDED WHEAT
WITH STEWED FRUITS